MARITIME ACADEMY
1891

MUSTER 68

THE

MUSTER

1968

The Senior Classbook of the Graduating Class
of 1968, Massachusetts
Maritime Academy

We, The Staff of The 1968 MUSTER, would like to take this opportunity to thank you, the Class of '68, for the co-operation you have given us in producing this book. Without your help, we feel the quality of The MUSTER would have been greatly compromised. Again, we say thank you.

S. J. Mulak V. M. Lonergan

T. C. King

R. B. Barnabdi

J. C. Mello

H. F. Deschamps

A PASSING WORD

Each year, Massachusetts Maritime Academy graduates a select group of young men. Concerned as we, the staff of the 1968 *Muster,* may be with the traditions of the past and the promise of the future, we cannot help but feel that this year's class rises above all others, if for no other reason than that *we* are a very integral part of that group of men. We have tried to express that importance in this book. It is not a *yearbook* but a *classbook;* for it tells the story of the Class of 1968.

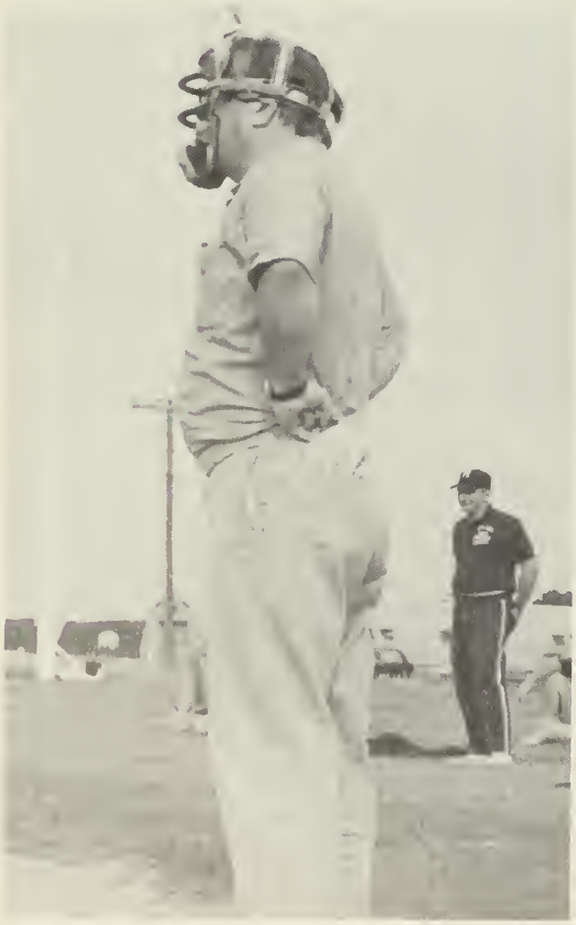
We feel we have presented something new in this edition of *The Muster.* It is new because it rises above past publications of the same title and new, also, because we feel it is the finest Muster ever published by a graduating class.

Now our efforts have been completed, and we present this, the *1968 Muster,* to you, the Class of 1968.

Steven J. Mulak

Editor-in-Chief
1968 Muster

DEDICATION; LCDR J. D. CROSBY

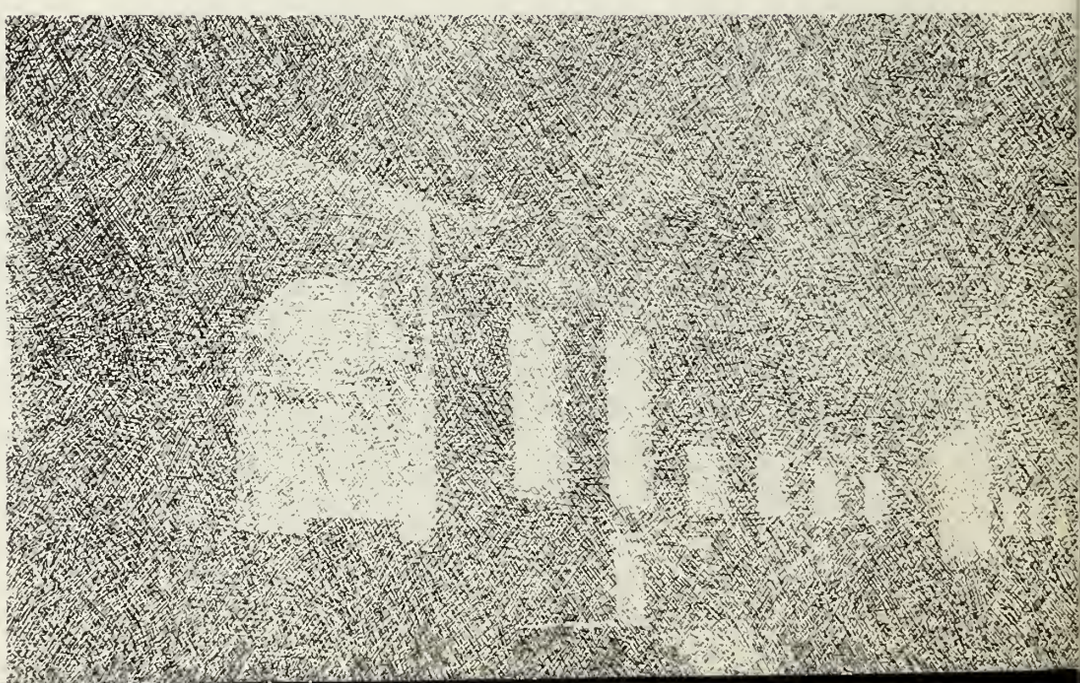


We dedicate our book to a man who has the wit of Bob Hope, the personality of Santa Claus, and the sea stories of Magellan. His jovial appearance and ability to teach has made him a "one of a kind" instructor. Midshipmen have been listening to and learning from this man of the sea since the late 1930's. We, his students, are completely bound to him, because during the course of his duty as an instructor and an officer, he has bound himself to us. It is our feeling that Mr. Crosby is totally deserving of this dedication, for he has dedicated his life to our education.

IN MEMORIAM
LCDR
LUCIAN T. PAGE

The man was Lucien T. Page. His way of life; the sea. His purpose for being; the inspiration and guidance he gave to the midshipmen at Massachusetts Maritime Academy. Though he is gone, he never will be forgotten, for in our hearts and minds his inspiration lives on. A truly sad farewell to a man who was the epitome of all that he stood for and represented.

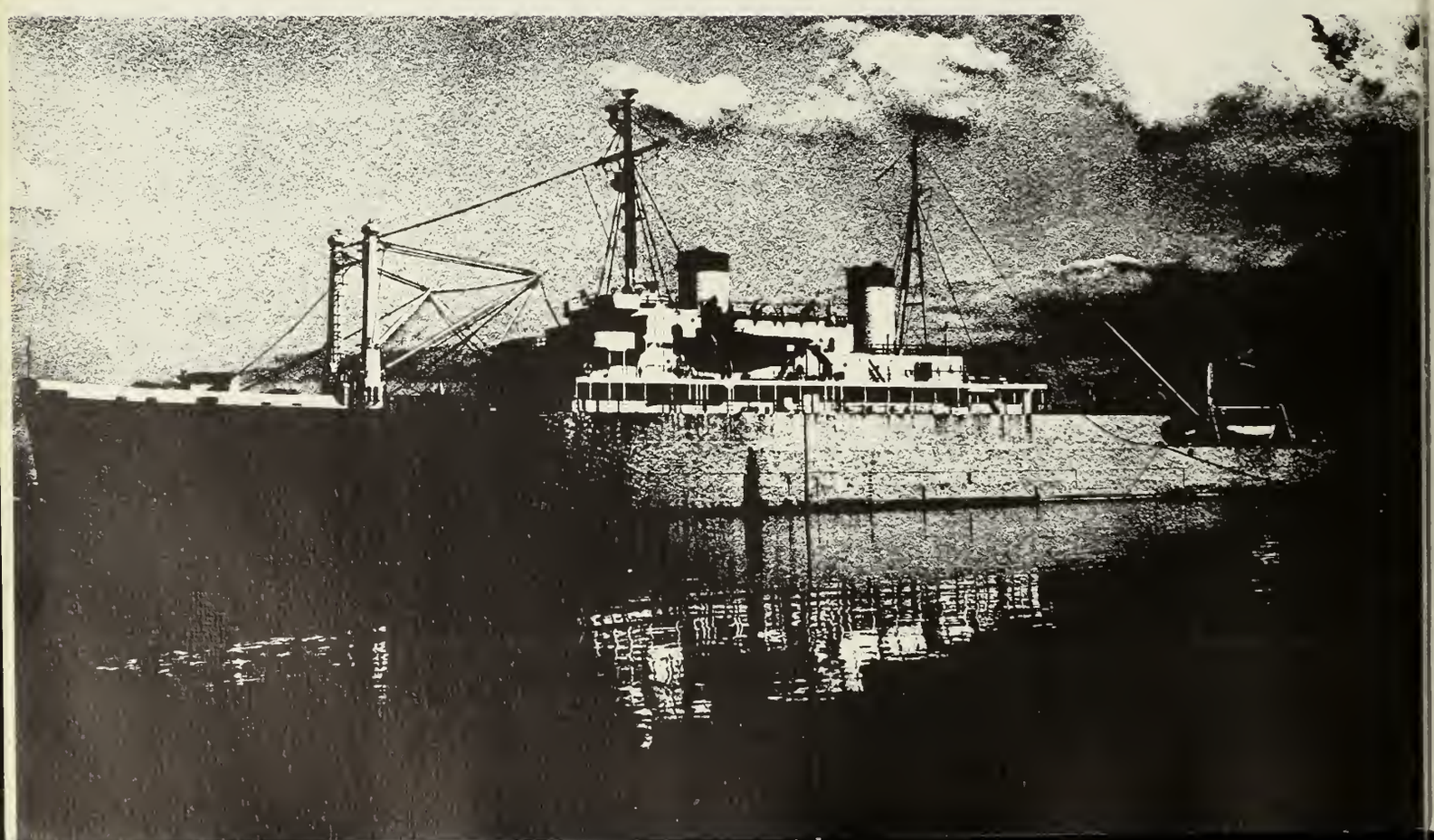
TELEPHONE



A PLACE FOR LEARNING

A PLACE FOR ACHIEVING

MASS MARITIME ACADEMY



TO THE CLASS OF 1966

I greet with pleasure this opportunity to extend my personal congratulations and those of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to all members of the Class of 1966 of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy.

After four years of vigorous study and training, you are now standing on the threshold of an exciting career.

The United States is in dire need of young men such as yourself who will dedicate their lives to this vital field in our nation's security and stability.

I am certain that all of you will contribute greatly toward infusing new strength in our Armed Forces, and I wish you the best of luck and success in the ensuing years.

Sincerely,

Governor

TO THE CLASS OF 1968

IT IS MY WISH FOR YOU THAT YOUR CLASS WILL ALWAYS STAND FOR THE BEST TRADITIONS OF THE SEA AND OF THE ACADEMY IN HONOR OF OUR SHIPMATES SO TRAGICALLY LOST TO US THIS YEAR. A HIGHER GOAL OR A MORE FITTING TRIBUTE WOULD BE HARD TO FIND.

CONGRATULATIONS, AND THE BEST OF CAREERS!

Sincerely yours,

A. Sanford Limouze

A. Sanford Limouze
President

THE MISSION . . .

"Courtesy of THE RUDDER"

The mission of Massachusetts Maritime Academy is:

to provide an education that will qualify a young man with a sincere ambition

to become an officer in the United States Merchant Marine, and to train him in naval procedures that will permit him to serve with the United States Navy if need be, and

to provide an academic background so that its graduates are intellectually capable of acting as representatives for the United States throughout the world, and

to instill them with leadership, honor, responsibility, and a pride in their profession, and

to send them forth with a respect and affection for the Academy through their careers.

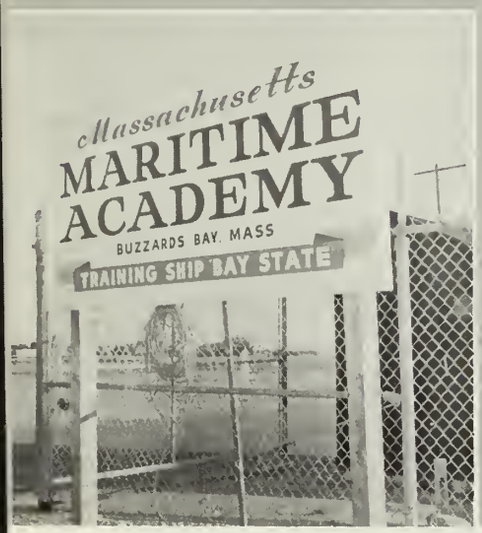
NAUTICAL SCIENCE DEPT.

Standing, Lcdr A. Anteen, Supply Officer, Lt. H. Ceely, Seamanship & Meteorology, Lt. T. Dorsey, Social Sciences, Mr. B. Gillmetti, Director of Athletics, Lcdr W. Eno, English, *Seated,* Lcdr P. Hirst, Admiralty Law, Capt. L. Woodland, Ships Construction, Capt. J. Stein, Commandant of Cadets, Cdr. W. Conners, Navigation & Rules of the Road, absent when picture was taken, Lcdr. A. McNaughton, Communications, Mrs. W. Robinson, Spanish, and Dr. W. Dawson, ship's doctor.

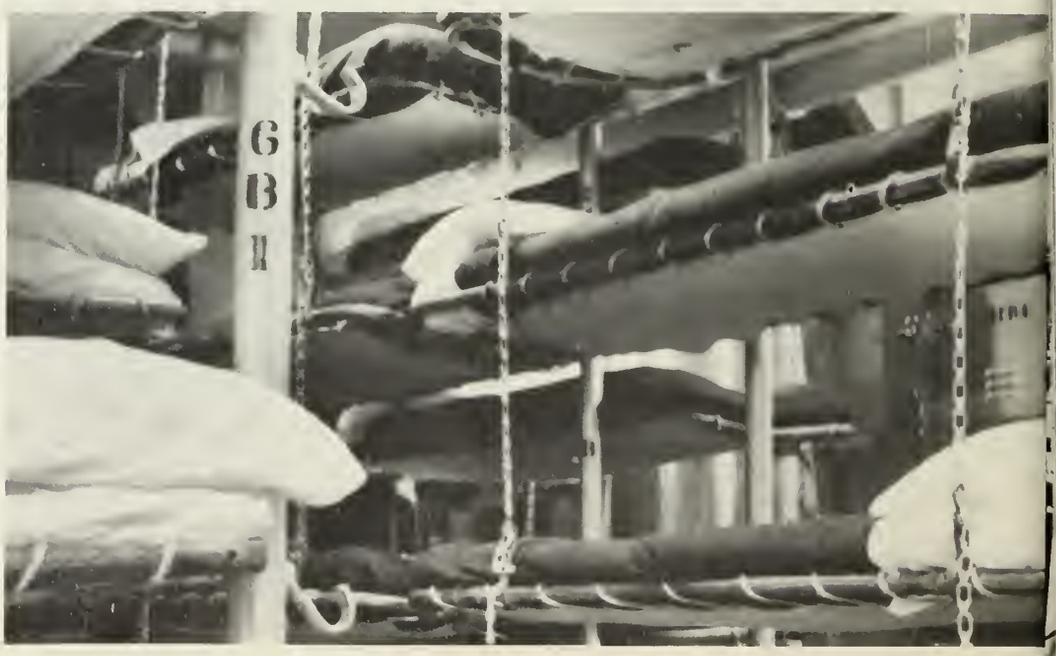
ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

Standing; Lt. W. LaCasse Jr., Machine Shop, Lt. A. MacLeod, Mechanical Drawing, Lt. M. Tonello, Refrigeration, Capt. J. Murray, Steam Engineering, Nuclear Power, and Thermodynamics, Lt. C. Maynard, Machine Shop, Lcdr. H. Pratt, Radio Electronics, Mr. O. Muller, Physics, Trigonometry, and Chemistry, Lcdr. J. Crosby, Diesel Engineering and Steam Auxiliaries, *seated,* Lt. R. Enstice, Physics, Cdr. J. Cease, Algebra and Calculus, Lcdr. F. Wright, Marine Boilers, Properties of Materials, and Rules and Regulations, also Chief Engineer, Cdr. W. Hemmerly, Electrical Engineering. Absent when photo was taken; Lt. W. Hendy, Department Head.

THE PAST THREE YEARS OF OUR L



have now come to a close, and looking back, we realize that though we may have been born and raised in our home town, it was on windswept Taylor's Point that we grew up.



LIFE . . .

On a bright, clear day in June, 1965, the Class of 1968 entered the gates of MMA. Had we been looking for omens, the fact that the barbed wire on top of the fence was apparently arranged to keep people in, not out, would have given us pause! Our reasons for coming were as varied and different as we were, yet, whether we realized it or not, even then we had something in common; we had as our common goal the acquisition of the deep water seaman's trade.

Only a few weeks before, most of us had been seniors in high school. Now we were about to become something very special: *cadets in a real military school.* We soon found out what this really meant. We were not *cadets*, but YOUNGIES!

Young Man! Brace! Spout! Tang! The Course! They are only memories now, but what those words meant then! In the list of human types, the classification *youngie* can be found between *slave* and *beast of burden.* It's near the bottom.

We made it through the first week by existing only for the weekend. Weekends were something we lived for and existed until. They were a chance to return to life as we had known it before that "bright, clear day in June."

During those first weeks the size of our class dwindled as those who could not force themselves to accept things as they were decided to get out in time to go somewhere else.

"Things have to get better because they can't get much worse," we told ourselves. We stood up constantly, sitting only in class and at meal time. Though it is said that food, when prepared in mass, is always terrible, we knew

from the beginning that we had something *special* awaiting us at the head of every mess line.

"The food isn't so bad! After all, some of the world's healthiest cockroaches live off this chow," we were told. We soon found this to be true.

And, of course, there were the upper-jobs. A consensus shows there never was a more sadistic, animalistic, or vicious group of people ever before assembled in the history of Western Civilization. But youngies have always thought of their upper-jobs in that manner, and always will.

"A, SIR, YOUNG, SIR, MAN, SIR . . ."

And if we didn't have enough worries already, there was that fellow with three eyebrows who taught Algebra. He would stand in the front of the room with a defiant look in his eye, almost daring you to give him an incorrect answer to one of his "probs." According to our schedule we were majoring in cat napping, because we had "Bunny classes" five times a week. It was sort of an insiders joke, we felt, when we would go home and explain to our amazed listeners that we were carrying ten subjects in twenty-six semester hours and had a 3.25 average. But in our minds we couldn't help but wonder who the joke was really on.

We soon learned that the only thing that is definite at Mass. Maritime is that youngies always loose. Short of that, nothing else was ever positive. Because of this fact, rumors of all types were forever being spread. The trick was to weed out the truth from the rumor, an art that has never been mastered in the history of M.M.A.

Nearly one hundred men slept in an undersized compartment where the racks were piled three high and you couldn't roll over without waking the five men who slept around you. But it wasn't as bad as it may have seemed, however. Up from the bottom lockers and the overcrowded shoe racks rose a spirit, though unnoticed, that was to give us the courage to last out three years of frustration—a kind of brotherhood that went beyond friendship. It was a comradship that sprang from the closeness of the quarters and the necessity of helping one another. It was *the brotherhood of the youngie,* and those that did not seek it out and cling to it did not make the grade.

"How many gallons in a maritime lien, Carpenter?"

We were a homogeneous group who could not hide the smallest character trait from each other. Knowing this, for the first time in our lives we stood alone and realized our own capabilities for what they were. And we grew up a little. Here was a group of men who shared an intense brotherhood, yet each was forced to think for himself and face the realities of life. Looking back, we see how much the school and its system have changed since that time, and we realize that we were one of the last classes to have this opportunity to share this *brotherhood of the youngie.* Perhaps the changes are for the better, but we can't help but feel that future graduates of M.M.A. will be lacking the memories of life as we knew it. We feel that those memories are one of the most valuable facets of our education.

The class of 1968 stood witness to the most important change that had ever taken place in the Academy's long history, but at the time we could not realize that significance of the event. The old *gods* were removed from their lofty roosts and their own private kingdoms were shattered as Dr. A. Sanford Limouze was inaugurated the Academy's first president. We came under the jurisdiction of the Board of State Colleges. Dr. Limouze is a dynamic man, and his plans for the betterment and growth of our school were well on their way to completion as we graduated.

Good things began to happen around Christmas. We had nearly two weeks of vacation coming, but better than that was the new liberty system which was started, in which only twenty-two men were required to remain aboard over a weekend. This meant liberty for us nearly every Friday. In our most ambitious dreams we had never dared hope for such a *deal.*

Near the end of January a rumor began to spread. We all liked the idea, so on the evening of February the 2nd at 2045, the Class of 1968 held the earliest shut-off in history. We had known what the results would be beforehand, but we couldn't help but be amazed at the three page mast list which was posted the following day. Threats and overtones of doom were heard from the upperjobs constantly, but we all smiled inwardly and put our faith in the adage that in unity lies strength. But then, as if we had been stabbed in the back by our best friend, an order from the Commandant was posted that re-

instated us as youngies of the old type. After the planning and the hope of shutoff, the meager advances that we had made toward regaining our self-respect were swept away in one fell swoop. We have never forgotten that near fatal act by the one person in the school who had stood foremost in our minds as a man against hazing and the old system.

"This style is called a Cool-Cut."

March came, bringing with it final exams (Whew!) and the beginning of our first cruise. As expected, our numbers were greatly reduced by the finals, and those that were forced to *tread* the year were replaced by others from the classes before us until, at the present time, only thirty nine of the original one hundred remain. The illogic of a system where you must repeat ten subjects because you failed one never failed to amaze us.

We're not sure just how it came about, but we suddenly found ourselves on the cold grey-green ocean that tossed the Bay State around like the proverbial cork. No one spoke much that first day; we were all to busy hoping and praying that all the bad things we had heard about our ship weren't true. We bumped into bulkheads as we walked, were hit in the head by swinging locker doors and couldn't hold food on our trays nor in our stomachs. In spite of the initial miseries, we soon found that life at sea was wonderfully peaceful. As youngies we had very little responsibility on watch, and sixteen hours a day were our own in every sense of the word. We had time to read, or play cards, or get those extra hours of sleep that we had been missing all year. Sing-alongs sprang up on the fantail in the evening and there was a movie every night on the quarterdeck. We were still youngies and there was still work to be done, but the sheer joy of life at sea made our lot a happy one.

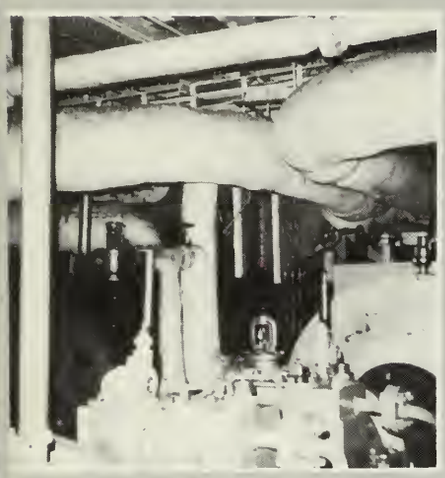
Then the water changed from deep gray-green to bright cobalt blue and we were in the Gulf Stream. The air and the sea temperature rose thirty degrees in a half hour. The sun beat down on us warmly, and soon we noted another change in the color of the ever present sea, this time from luminescent bright blue to an almost pastel aqua. On the horizon we could see our first port of call; Bermuda.

As we entered the harbor, we looked in awe at the pale sands of the shoreline, the rich foliage and the white-roofed houses that covered the hillsides, and the small sailboats that danced their way along the surface of the sky-blue water. We thought that there could not be another place in the world as beautiful as this, and we were right. There was not an island anywhere as clean, as picturesque, as friendly, or as easily enjoyed. We rented motor bikes and went on our own sightseeing tours; and what sights there were to see—the underground caverns, the fort of St. Catherine, Hamilton with its quaint shops, the town of St. George, and the countryside that abounded in flowers and beauty. It was college week in Bermuda, and the beauty that rode the streets on motor bikes overshadowed all else for many of us. We let our mark on

"hago . . . hagas . . . haga . . ."

the Elbow Beach club, and each of us vowed to himself to return once again.

BERMUDA . . . ST. THOMAS . . . A



A well remembered landmark in Aruba.

"Hey, Ma! Wait 'til you see what I picked up in Vera Cruz!"

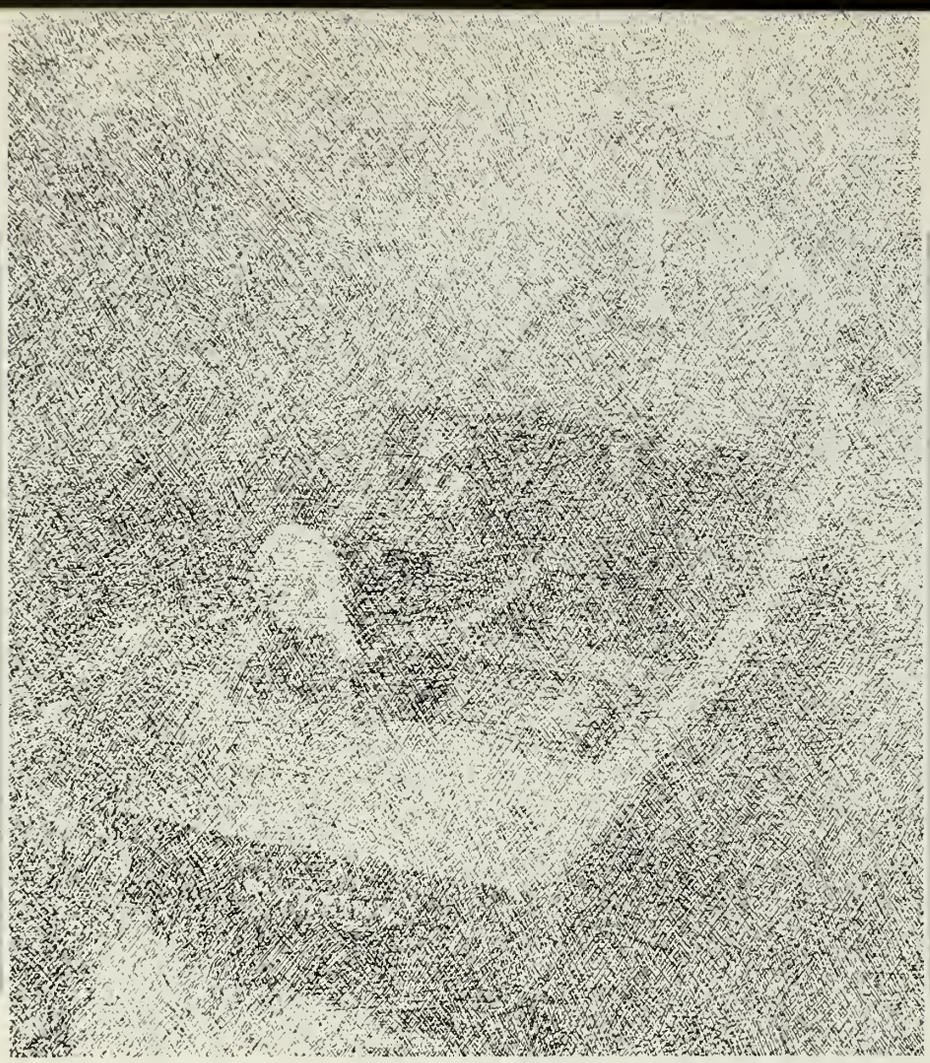
ARUBA . . .

A few more days at sea brought us to Saint Thomas in the Virgin Islands. As we lay at anchor, we could look between the islands that rose like mountains from the crystal clear water and see into the harbor and the city itself. The town of Saint Thomas lay at the base of several mountains that rose like an amphitheater behind it. But, as we soon found out, St. Thomas was nothing as compared to Bermuda. We remember Sapphire Beach and Bluebeard's Castle, for these were the converging points for us. We remember too, that we had a place to dock when we first got there, but for some reason they asked us to move, and we spent Easter Sunday riding anchor in St. Thomas harbor.

We put to sea again, bound for the island of Aruba. For once, we docked fairly close to town. Though this was only our third port of call, it didn't take us long to realize that we seldom docked close to the "action". For some reason, we always seemed to end up a half hour's ride from town. But in Aruba, we docked in Oranjestad. The hotel that was to be the gathering point on this island was just down the road. The Dutch marines threw a dance for us, and the people seemed warm and friendly, especially in the town of Saint Nicholas, which lay at the opposite end of the island.

Cartegena, Colombia, our next port, was eight steaming hours to the west, but we made the trip in the standard four days. (and saw most of the Carribean along the way!) We could see the Southern Cross in the night sky now, and the evening was always a welcome relief from the heat of the day. Often at night, we sat and gazed for hours at the sea as the clouds and the moon made shadows on the water that played fantastic games with out sense of distance. Without landmarks to measure by, the clouds and their shadows seemed close enough to hit with a stone.

During the day, we were amazed to discover that the boundless horizon gave us no sense of smallness as we had been told it would. Instead, there was a feeling of freedom and power, because we felt that we were here and in control of our situation.



CARTEGNA .

The Pilot Boat At Canaveral.

Memories began to creep into our minds. Memories of home, of that "special girl," and most of us found ourselves counting the days until we were home again. We pulled into the fortified harbor of Cartegena and the cruise was half over. Looking back, the less that is said about that port, the better. Slums were everywhere and no one spoke English so we were forced to use what little Spanish we knew.

Life in port was a complete turnabout from life at sea. Things moved fast and we concerned ourselves with things that didn't matter at sea. It was fun, and we looked forward to the next port, but we all felt a twinge of disappointment at one time or another when land was sighted and we knew that shortly our "at sea" routine would be broken.

Veracruz wasn't much better than Cartegena —a little cleaner perhaps, and the souvenirs were more expensive, but all in all the two ports were more or less the same. We were lucky to be there on the fifth of May which is Mexico's fourth of July. There were parades and pretty girls, but the next day things were pretty much the same again.

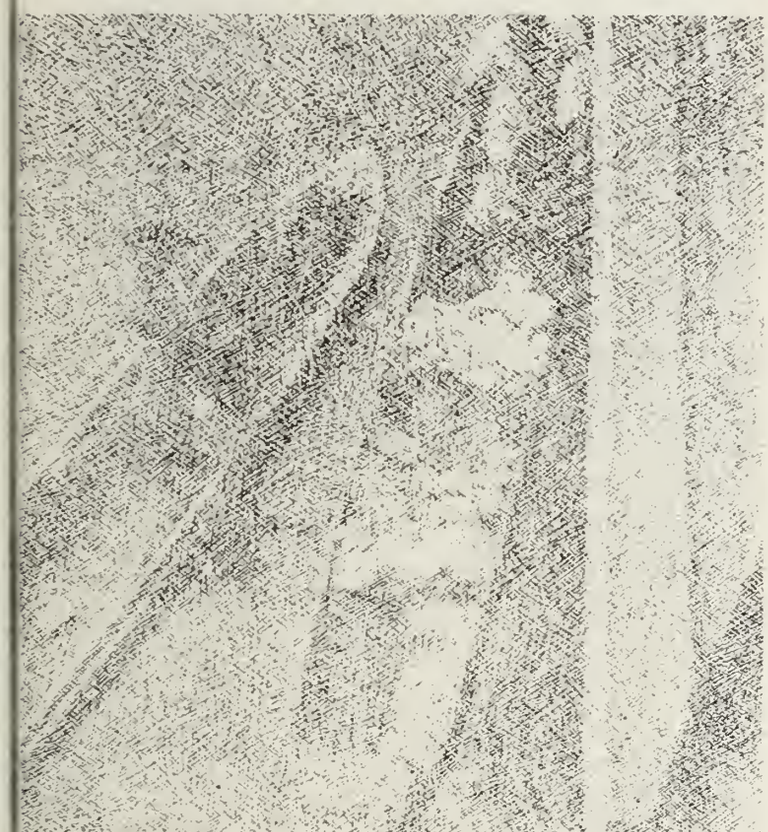
Port Canaveral was a welcome change. We found a royal welcome awaiting us with tours of the missile base and a dance given by the Florida chapter of the alumni. The beaches and the friendly people made it a place to remember.

We left Canaveral on a quiet day, but we ran into a storm off Cape Hatteras. It was then that we found out who had their *sea-legs* and who didn't.

VERACRUZ . . . PT. CANAVERAL . . . N.Y.

A rainy, drizzly day marked our arrival in New York harbor and we docked at Pier 84. For many of us it meant a chance to go home as well as to see New York City. After nearly a week in New York, we left the harbor and moved to an anchorage in the channel between King's Point and the New York Maritime Academy. We watched our team lose the National Pulling Boat Championship that they had won just a year previous.

We never thought Buzzards Bay could look good to us, but that morning when we docked at the State Pier, there wasn't a man on board who wasn't glad to be home once again. As we came down the canal, we could see our families lining the shore, waving to us. There never was a welcome as heartwarming.



Sparks radios ashore for more cheese.

SECOND–JOBS . . . WHERE DID THAT YEAR GO TO?

We had the shortest month's vacation ever, and before we knew it, we were back at school as second jobs. During our first weeks, we played games on the hatch at night, got up early to keep the engine room clean, and faced the toughest schedule of classes ever—thirteen subjects in thirty semester hours. Our class was split into two groups, the deckies and the snipes, and class unity as we had known it was a thing of the past.

Without the familiar pipe, or loudspeaker system, the routine of the day seemed a bit quieter. Chief Sacht filled the gap nicely, though, and there's more than one middie who can testify that he never needed a loudspeaker. If Brillo could talk, it would sound like the Chief.

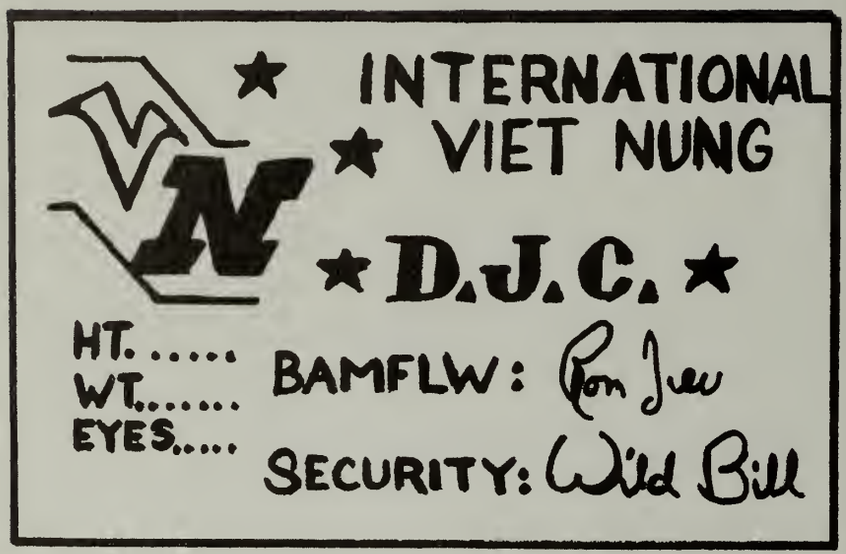
Bob & Ray; Co-captains!

"Inductive reactance . . . residual magnitism . . . E.M.F. . . . line drop . . . oy oy!"

Naval Science drill (Supergull in charge).

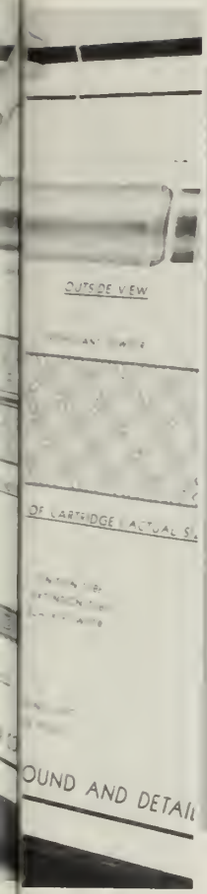
We felt, for the first time, our true position in the plan of things. Our upper-jobs had been the last of the old system, and the class in front of us had been the last product of that system. The class behind us was to be the first of the new regime, and the younger would be the first full fledged product of the new system. But the class of '68 was in a limbo, being neither "old guard" or new, but influenced by both. We were the class of change, the class without a system. As youngies and second-jobs, we had suffered and done our part to preserve the "system", but now, when our turn came, the "system" had changed, and we found ourselves in a position where we were equal to youngies again. As a class without an organization, we accrued over *ten thousand* demerits, and stood restrictions that totaled in excess of 18 years.

J. C. Mello puts one of the Shields through its paces in the 1967 Regatta (Photo courtesy of N. Fortier).



Though we studied nearly constanly we still found time to watch soccer games, play intramural football, or check an occasional lanyard. In October our long awaited rings arrived, just in time for the upper-job ring dance. The honor guard, after months of training, performed *almost* flawlessly. Afterwards, we got together for dinner, and a good time was had by all.

For once the haze of the unknown future parted, and it was announced that the class of 1967 would graduate three months early. This meant that we would be upper jobs on the cruise that was rapidly approaching. We successfully crammed the knowledge we would need to run the ship under those conditions into the remaining months.



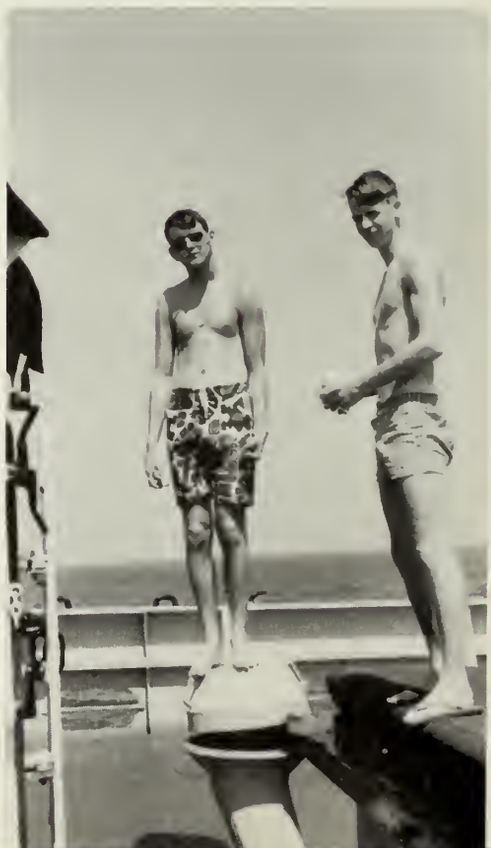
About this time a new face arrived at M.M.A. His name was Bernard L. Gilmetti, better known to us as *Crusher.* He was to be director of athletics, Soccer coach, and Physical Education instructor. He brought with him something unknown to our school previous to his arrival . . . pride. He had the ability to instill in us an interest in athletics which brought about spirit, a result of which pride (for the first time) in our soccer team, in the intramural teams he formed, but most of all, in *ourselves.*

It was during February that the bitterness of being a second-job had a chance to be released. An organization known only as the *Viet Nung* sprung into action and achieved its goal within a month. We can only smile as we remember the activities of that organization.

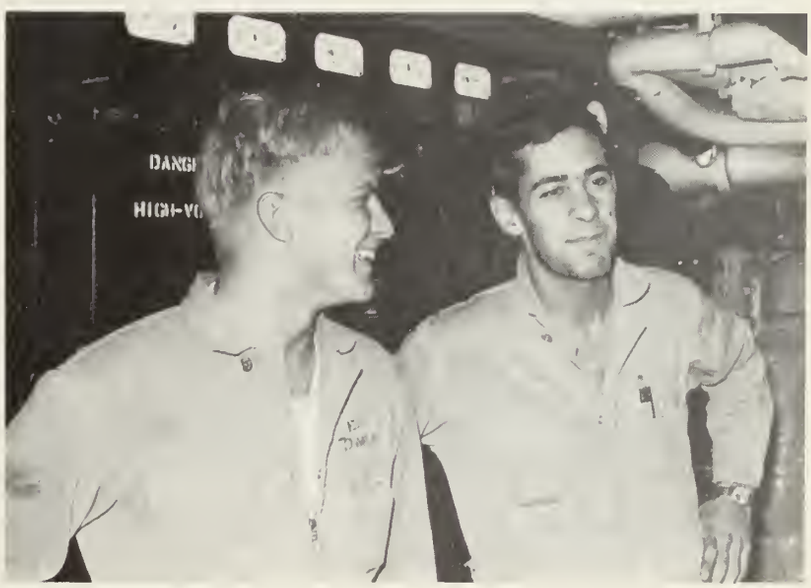
The rowing team.

After several days delay, we left Buzzards Bay under the capable command of Captain Woodland, only to be held up for several more days in Buzzards Bay itself by a blinding snow storm. Ten steaming days later we arrived in Galveston for ten days in dry dock. There were plenty of beaches, and the city of Galveston was a resort for Huston, which was just an hour's ride away. Todd Shipyard was full of ships of all types and many of us visited them to see what a *real ship* was like. And the Falstaff Brewery ran tours and a *courtesy lounge.*

We had arrived in Galveston two days late and we left two days behind schedule. As a result, we entered Tampa late and spent only two days there. The Busch Gardens fascinated us all, and the free beer made things even better.



We left Tampa, bound for Freeport in the Grand Bahamas. Though we docked, as usual, as far away from town as possible, for once transportation was no problem since the busses were free to us. The gambling casinos were something to see, and the beaches were magnificent. There was a lot of building and construction going on, and it was evident that in ten years Freeport would be another Nassau. We felt we had visited the island a few years too early.



We steered a northerly course from Freeport, and four days later we entered Boston harbor, home for many of us. We spent nine days in Boston before we sailed for Canada. No sooner had we cleared the harbor when we ran into a fog bank. We weren't to see clear weather again for six days. Our destination was an unheard of port on the northern tip of Cape Breton Island; Sydney, Nova Scotia. It was the end of April and the harbor still had not been cleared of ice. As we stood outside the harbor in the thickest fog imaginable, the distant sound of engines told us that we were not alone. Suddenly a massive red hull swept by our stern and passed us; It was the icebreaker. This was to be the closest thing to excitement that we would see in this port. We found that Candian Beer was *potent stuff.* The Canadian Coast Guard Academy was located in Sydney, and our athletic teams fared well against them. But all in all, Sydney suffered from an acute lack of people and things to do, and everyone was glad to get underway once again.

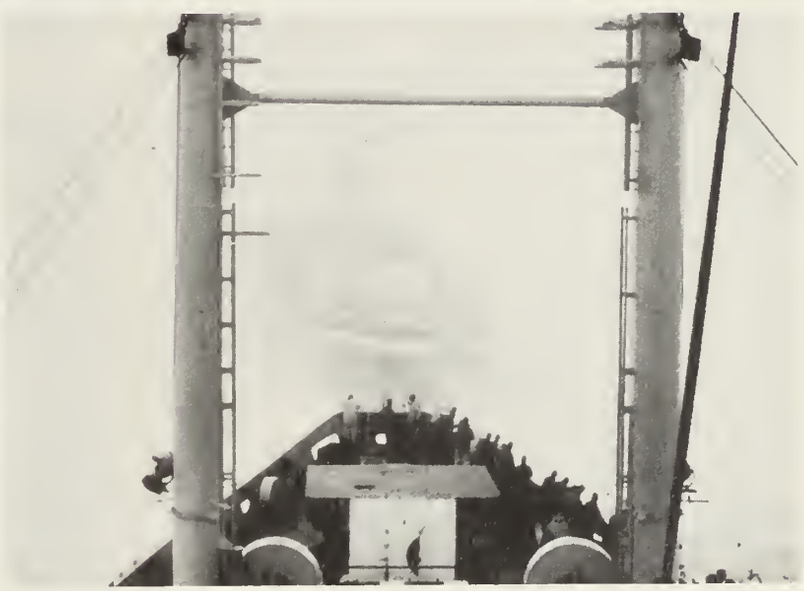
We sailed down the St. Lawrence to Montreal and *Expo '67.* We docked within the gates as guests of the Exposition. It was a place we will never forget; the fair was fascinating (the lines weren't too long at that time of year), and the city was one of the most beautiful we had ever visited. We couldn't have stayed too long, but after six days, we turned our ship around and headed up the St. Lawrence and back to Buzzards Bay. We rode anchor in Cape Cod Bay for a day then went in and waited another day to turn the ship around. The delay was aggravating but it was good to be home again.

There were only two classes on the ship during this cruise and we had to stand both second-job and upper-job watches. The effort was highly beneficial, for there were enough people to run things, but not too many, and we learned more through necessity than we had ever thought possible. Most everyone agreed that the ship had never been run more smoothly. We were a bit proud of ourselves and had every right to be.

Que-Queeg's Revenge

Look! A break in the fog!

Quebec Pavillion



Entering Sydney, N.S.

Jake; Standard Cruise position.

The longer vacations are, the more difficult it becomes to return from them, and to come back to school in the middle of July was difficult indeed. But we took comfort in knowing that we were full-fledged upper-jobs with *real youngies.*

The routine changed for us; we had no one to watch over us, and took advantage of the situation. With only our professional subjects to study, our worries about Dixon, Walt the Salt, and Morgan were over. It felt good to be "top dog" after two years.

The year started on a tragic note as Mr. Page, a dedicated officer and instructor died of cancer. The school was unable to find an adequate replacement for him.

No sooner were we back to normal than the second-jobs decided they were too good to play "games," at night. Though July is not meteorologically considered to be the hurricane season, the second jobs found an unexpected storm raging in the compartment one night.

In a hotly contested battle that took place on the softball diamond the 1/E Turbines defeated the 1/E Eliminators for the first softball championship game ever held at M.M.A. Spirits soared as the upper-jobs met the challenge of the faculty in a game in which saw "Strike-out" Gilmetti and "Scoop" Woodland lead the faculty to defeat in a game umpired by "Poncho" Crosby and "Tom" Dorsey.

Our school took a terrible blow when one of our most respected and interesting officer-instructors left the faculty. When Mr. Yard (known to one and all as "Dixon") left, he took with him all the tales and legends of a lifetime of learning, and the gap he left was a costly one. We never fully appreciated Mr. Yard, or his stories, until after he was gone. We regret that future classes cannot have the benefit of his teaching.

Youngies have always called home, and probably always will. But somehow, this year they must have had better connections than we did. No sooner did the cry of "Mom, they're picken' on me again!" travel the distance home than someone was standing before us saying; "Now shuns, who ish man enough to admit that he was hazing thish young man?"

But the real clincher came one night when a young man was found sleeping in the brig, of all places! His father must have had a feeling something was happening to his son, for he called the ship and told the duty officer his boy was "being picked on again by those terrible first classmen!"

Then that time of the year came around again when the youngies get tired of bringing back picnic lunches for the upper-jobs and decide to shut them off. As soon as they did, a "fire" started in their compartment. Being conscientious protectors of our vessel, we broke out the fire hoses and went up to put it out. It must have been a class "A" fire, because we were using solid streams of water. They never found any trace of a fire, which goes to show what a good job we did of putting it out.

The World Series came and went, leaving us with memories of a fantastic but fruitless Red Sox team, and of watching the game's in Chiefie's class.

Limouze Quits Academy

From The Cape Cod Standard-Times

BUZZARDS BAY — The president of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy [illegible] "Dr. A. Sanford Limouze is [illegible] going on annual [illegible]

Right to Discipline Issue Rocks Maritime Academy

Political Pressure Hinted In Limouze Contro[illegible]

By EILEEN LARDNER
Standard-Times Staff Wri[illegible]

BUZZARDS BAY — [illegible] pected resignation t[illegible] Dr. A. Sanford L[illegible] sident of the Massac[illegible] itime Academy, is the latest [illegible] shipme[illegible] the training [illegible] a training cru[illegible] ...ity gra[illegible] ...onal head of [illegible] tution."

Citing [illegible]

House to Probe Maritime Academy Cont[illegible]

They Want Limouze To Stay

Sen. Jones Calls State Board "Gutless"

Special Session Calle On Cape Academy Is

By EILEEN LARDNER
Standard-Times Staff Writer

The Massachusetts Maritime Academy hassle that flared into headlines this week with announcement of the resi[illegible] of the academy A. San[illegible]

submitted to the board [illegible] tees after it referred a [illegible] ary matter handled [illegible] academy to the st[illegible] general [illegible]

House to Probe Cape Academy [illegible]

Limouze Sticks By Decision to Quit

[illegible] ...Page 3

A state senator took the floor of the upper chamber to castigate as "gutless" education officials for not backing one [illegible] and

March, which prompted Dr. L[illegible] mouze to ask two midshipme[illegible] for their resignation. One [illegible] the students, son of a forme[illegible] state official, has in the mea[illegible] time charged denial of "du[illegible] process" in the disciplinar[illegible]

Students, Faculty Support Limouze

Maritime Academy President Will Stay

flared into headlines this [illegible] ek with the announcement [illegible] signation of the academy's [illegible] t, Dr. A. Sanford Lim[illegible] ntinued to boil today.

[illegible] developments include the [illegible] f a special meeting Mon[illegible] the executive board of [illegible]

denied. Political pressure in the boy's behalf has been charged by academy officials.

Today, Dr. Kenneth R. Fox, chairman of the State Colleges Board of Trustees, said he has called a special meeting of the [illegible]

emy, to reconsider [illegible] Wednesday to quit the academy after two years. They issued an

tempting [illegible] in turning the case over to

Dr. Limouz[illegible] Withdraws Resignation

BOSTON — Dr. A. San[illegible] Limouze has withdrawn his [illegible] ignation as president of [illegible] Massachusetts Maritime Ac[illegible] emy.

Board Backs Action

The decision was announ[illegible] yesterday by the board of tr[illegible] ...ges. [illegible] d his [illegible] ...affect[illegible] ...d asked [illegible] a legal ruling [illegible] ...disciplined a student.

The board yesterday voted sustain Dr. Limouze's action accepting the resignation of midshipman from the academ after hearing the attorney ge[illegible] eral's favorable ruling at a me[illegible] ing in North Adams State C[illegible] lege.

Turmoil developed at B. Bay in September when the board of Trustees failed to back President Limouze on a disciplinary matter and he tendered his resignation. The corps of midshipmen backed the president, and the whole affair drew more publicity than our school has had since the Great Hunger Strike of '61. It all ended happily, though, as the board reversed its decision, and Dr. Limouze remained.

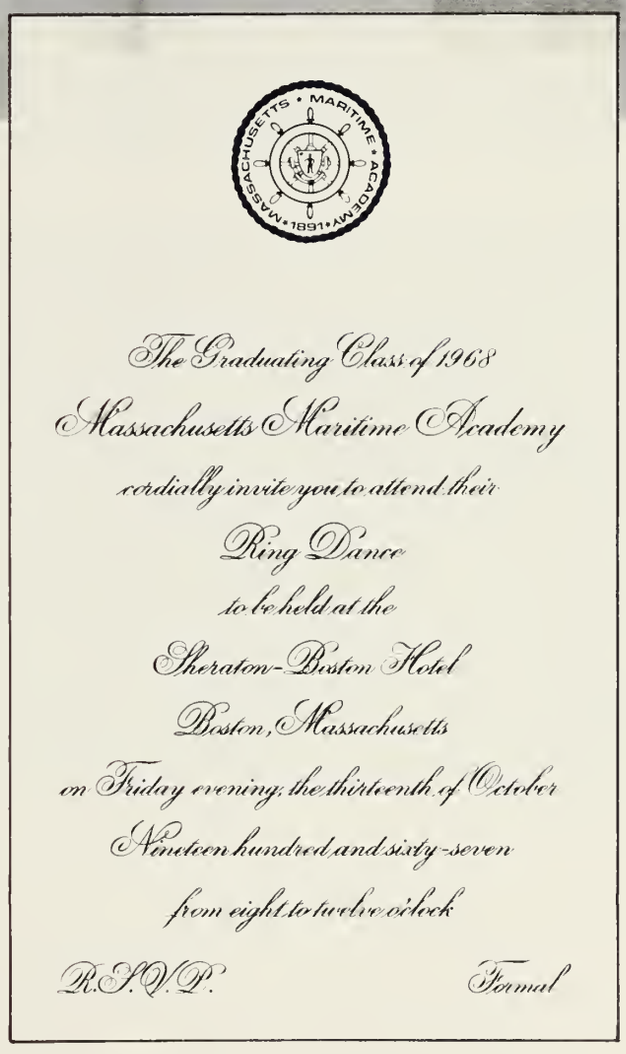
At M.M.A. the longest period of time is ever the present. The seemingly long summer of studies didn't seem so long after all as we sat through semester final exams during the first week of October. With a great deal of studying and sweat (mostly studying) we squeezed through that week with a minimum of casualties. No one flunked the biggest sweat of all, for we all made passing marks in Ships Construction.

A break was needed and it came in the form of a week's vacation after the exams. Keeping faith in an old M.M.A. theory that states; "Drag their __ as often as possible" we could not have a week's vacation without a few little "chores" to perform. The Navy wanted us to take a physical, so our good Captain assumed we had nothing to do with our time off and scheduled them for that week. Coupled with a day's duty on board, it broke the week up nicely for us.

RING DANCE OCTOBER 13 1967

At last came the much anticipated Ring Dance. We went to class on Columbus Day in order to have a three day weekend. A precedent was broken when we held the dance in the new Sheraton Boston Hotel, which impressed all with its stately elegance. Looking back, we recall the happy memories of that night; our ring on a ribbon around the neck of our nervous girl . . . polished brass and starched whites . . . bouquets and long gowns . . . expensive meals and taxi cabs . . . all accompanied by soft music. We had been to other Ring dances, and maybe it was because it was our own this time that it seemed so lovely. With our studies forgotten, the awkwardness was soon gone and the evening sped by far too rapidly.

The only flaw in the evening was the sad news of the deaths of four recent graduates that we all knew well. Bob Janes, Jack McPhee, Jimmy Bectold and Joe Nowd were killed when the Pan Oceanic Faith went down off Alaska.



As a result of the youngies fire we witnessed the arrival of the night chief-master-at-arms. His job was, we gathered, to put us to bed at night, and to prevent fires in the youngie compartment.

Zap sheets were replaced by Lark sheets, (unless you happened to be on the Drama Club, which Mr. Crosby wasn't) and although the deckies felt the strain more than the engineers, we all knew it wasn't sugar that hit the fan.

Three fellow midshipmen, in a valiant attempt to bring the true M.M.A. Christmas spirit to the *Bay State,* were caught by everyone from the local police and "Bumps" to the Bunny Bread Man, and for their uncozyness were sentenced to a fate worse than death; to remain aboard until the cruise. As time went on many more would join them their weekly Bay-State-A-Go-Go with the boys of the *Christmas Tree Club.*

After Christmas, the deckies started to pay a bit more attention to Mr. Bowdich and the engineers to Mr. Osborne. We payed particular attention to the classes that began with "Gentlemen, be-e-e seated!" and "Good-afternoon, Gents, sit down, will you." Looking back, the time from January until April seems like a blur of studies and staying up late, all of which culminated with the week of our license exams. The engineers fared well. We were the largest class ever to take the license exams, yet had the fewest failures. Only half of the deckies passed on the first try, but they were aiming at 90% or better. On that Friday, after having passed our exams, for the first time in three years it all seemed worth while.

LICENSE!

"THE-CRUISE-THAT -NEVER- WAS- SUPPOSED -TO-BE"

Departure from B. Bay.

In the Savannah Machine and Foundry Shipyard.

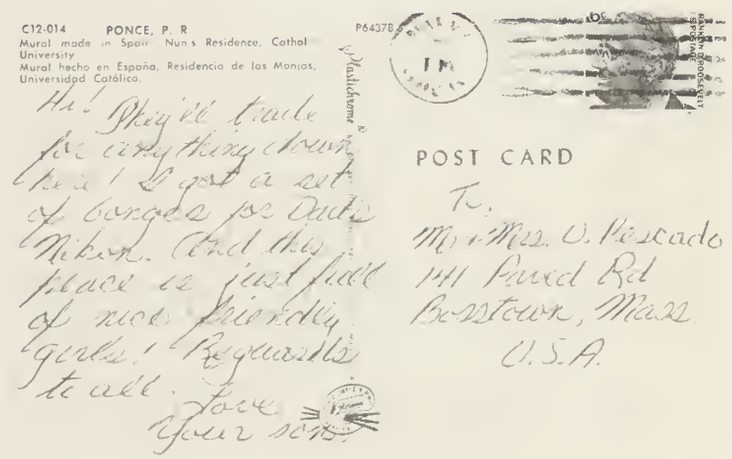
After changing the watch bill around three hundred and seventy eight times, we left on the *cruise-that-never-was-supposed-to-be.* Much to our surprise, watch four came with us. We had all expected them to pull a deal and remind behind. We knew we were going to shipyard somewhere, but we never guessed it was in the Savannah cesspool. For nearly two weeks, our ship was tied up in the running sewer that was the Savannah River. We remember a pretty city with many parks, gardens, The Officer's Club at Hunter's Field, The *Lamp Post* and *The Crow's Nest,* and Savannah Beach. But all these things are clouded by the memory of the river and the eight P.M. curfew. There were not many who were not sorry to hear that we were finally leaving Savannah.

We put to sea again under the capable command of Lcdr. McNaughton who had relieved Capt. Stein. We were on our way again on a ten day run to Pon'ce, Puerto Rico.

The weather reports read, Boston 58 cloudy, Miami 72 fair, after engine room 117 overcast. To add to our troubles a new engineer arrived on the scene, bringing with him "S" and "U"s, a book of jokes and marks for things like . . . "making coffee" . . . and . . . "DC heater level" . . .! It looked like *"the-cruise-that-never-was-supposed-to-be"* was just a new form of the old M.A.A. ____ drag. A boiler specialist was heard to say to a fuel oil specialist as they stood around with nothing to do; "I've got mine, but a hell of a lot of good it's doing me!"

We pulled into Ponce, Puerto Rico, right next to a Tuna Canning factory. (Was that foul smell the same stuff we ate when they served Moe-burgers?) The port was by no means "skin", but there were cock fights, and rum was cheap. And then they had a dance for us at the country club. The drinks were free, and the girls looked nice as they walked in with their escorts.

Jack Canty and Friend.


C12-014 PONCE, P. R
Mural made in Spain Nun's Residence, Cathol University
Mural hecho en España, Residencia de las Monjas, Universidad Católica.
POST CARD
To
Mr & Mrs O. Vescado
141 Pond Rd
Boxtown, Mass
U.S.A.

Stolen from the Mail Bag . . .

We left Ponce not too reluctantly and put to sea again, bound for Barbados. The further south we went the hotter it got. Now the weather reports read, "Boston 61 fair, New York 59 fair, Miami 70 cloudy, after enginer room 124 overcast. The deckies practiced steering gear drills and Williamson Turns, (much to the engineers dismay), and we sank into our annual Caribbean routine; Boat Drill at 1300 (what's a handibilly?) . . . Maintainance formation . . . 18 showers a day *(save water)* . . . get your deck chair up there in time to get a front row seat for the movie (the last time they showed this one you couldn't find a chair, and the two times before that you were on watch; . . . get up at some ridiculous hour of the night to stand watch, then wish someone would get up the nads to dump the night lunch outside of G.A.'s room . . . after watch migrate like obsessed lemmings to the fantail, peeling off clothing as you go, in order to absorb the benneficial rays of the sun, . . . *Good old BENNIES!* (by Bermuda the gooks were calling us black!) . . . and of course, the weekly ritual of, "Dear Mom and Dad, I know you said I was taking too much money with me, and I really don't know where it's all gone to, but do you think you could . . .")

Barbados was the first in a long list of ports that wasn't as bad as we had heard. The island was like Bermuda in a way, scenic, duty-free shopping, and beautiful beaches. A dance was given in our honor, but that's all they gave us, and the affair was strictly *BYOB.* But at the beach party, we found everything our greedy little hearts could desire. In Barbados, we had an opportunity to exercise our talents in the liberty launch, and found ourselves giving thanks that the boat didn't have a ram on the bow.

While in port we practiced our "skills" in preparation for our lifeboat exams. But if callouses from rowing were a prerequisite for the ticket, not many of us would have gotten by. After finally deciding where to put the ship, we put to sea again in the southern-most and hottest leg of our journey.

And so the *"cruise-that-was-never-to-be"* went on, with broken budgets, "counting the days until", and a record number of jugs of *Kool-aid.* The water level's never changed, and neither did the class that was assigned to watch them. The usual rumors sprang up again as we stood on the bridge wings or in the ball cooler; "we're going to skip Bermuda completely and go straight home after Jamaica." said one.

On the Texaco tour in Trinidad.

BENNIES . . . BLOWERS . . . AND BOREDOM.

"No more watches for the first class after Kingston" said another rumor.

Trinidad proved to be a port where bargains were scarce and the watch salesmen, pimps and hustlers weren't. But it was the busiest port we visited all cruise, with the docks lined with ships and bustling with commerce.

We were the guests of the Texas Oil Company for a day, with an interesting tour, a free meal, drinks, swimming, and a softball game. All who went on the trip had a good time, and we were thankful to find such friendly people in a port where everyone else was only interested in our money.

After another quick two day run of the type that was made popular on the '68 cruise, we arrived in the Dutch port of Curacao. We had the feeling we had been there before, (and many of the treads had) but that was only because it was so much like Aruba. It was much cleaner and higher class than its sister island had been, and was one of the best liberty ports on the cruise. Campo Allegro offered entertainment for the sports enthusiasts. Curacao proved to be *the* port for bargains, and collectively we left thousands of gilders there in return for watches and cameras.

That part of the cruise came again when the call would go up, "What's the movie tonight?" and no matter what the answer would be, the rebuttal would always be "Again!?"

Something went wrong with the cold water, or was it the hot water? (We couldn't tell the difference.) Countless hours were spent trying to find the cause, but it will forever go down in the annals as The Big Mystery of the '68 cruise.

A big event took place in our lives in Curacao, for we stopped living acting, and thinking like midshipmen only to start living, acting, and thinking like *cadets.* It was a difficult adjustment to make but somehow we managed.

Dangerous Dan at the Hilton's courts.

Protector of our vessel; Jump Down.

BERMUDA!

The "Welcome Mat."

In Bermuda.

No explanation necessary.

Kingston, Jamaica, was very impressive . . . from the harbor. We were sadly disappointed, though, when we went ashore to find a poverty stricken city populated with the most arrogant "gooks" we had had the misfortune to come across in all our travels. The game of "Come off it, mon!" Became nearly as popular aboard ship as "who's who?" We would have had some beautiful pictures of Jamaica for the Muster, but when our photographer went ashore, he had his camera stolen, as well as his wallet, loose change, and job pants. We stood "gook" watches, and there were a few would-be-thieves who went their way with dents in their heads. (thanks to Gibbles & Co.) After trading most of the loose gear over the side, we fought the wind and finally cleared the harbor, and were on our way on a five day run to Bermuda.

We found that Bermuda hadn't changed much in two years. And we were delighted to find that the people even remembered us from the last time; i.e., we were banned from the Elbow Beach Club, the Princess Hotel, St. George, and the whole of Davenshire county! But the Naval Base welcomed us warmly, and the Officer's Club took us in even if the Marine, NCO, and the Enlisted Men's clubs rejected us. The beauty of the island stunned us all over again (or is that "beauties"?) and though the incidents were numerous when a middie tried to alter the rock formations by driving a motor bike off the road, the island remained (if in no other way) geographically unaltered in spite of our week's visit. After gathering up the hundred or so of our shipmates who had been visiting long lost but artificial relatives, we quietly left and headed for our next port . . . *Buzzards Bay!*

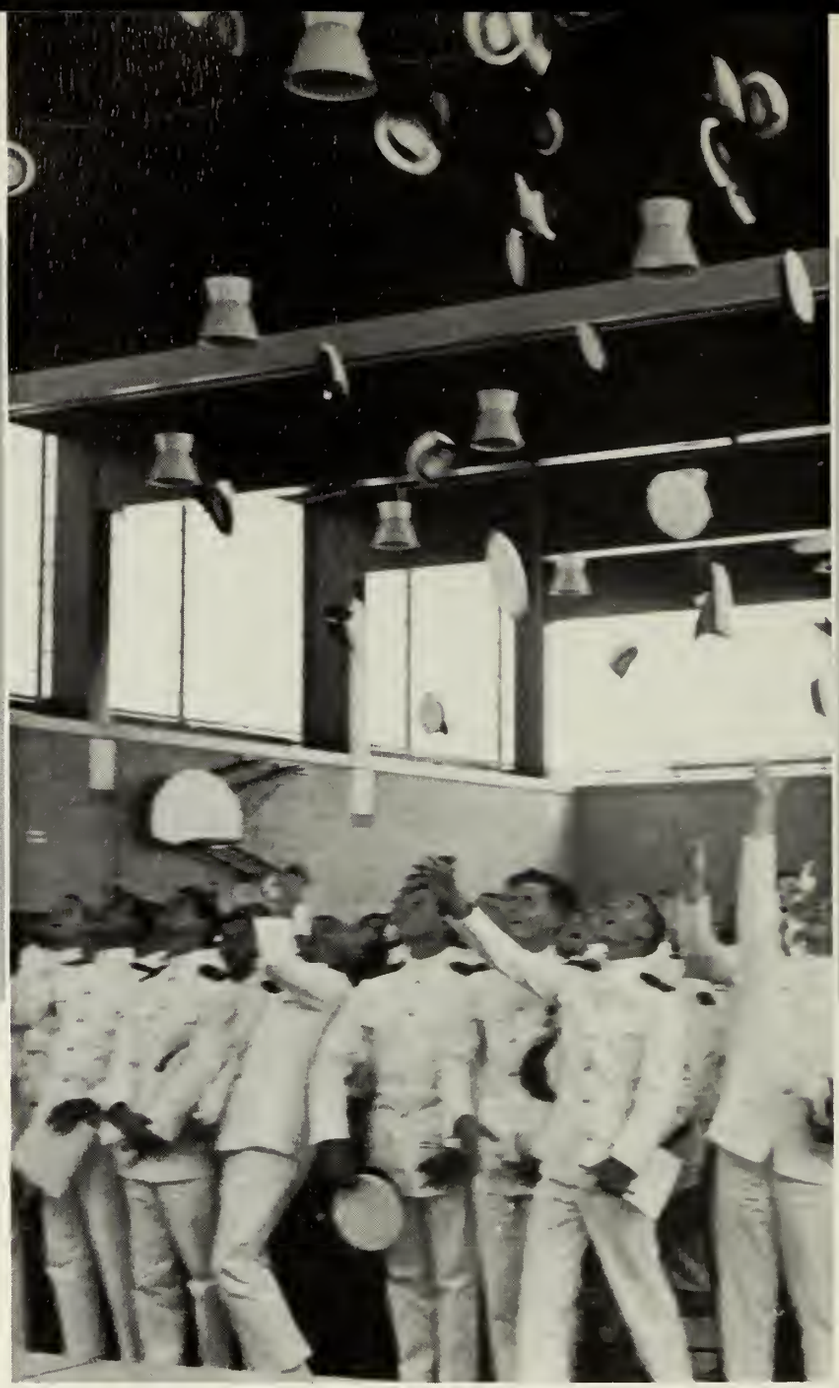
Home!

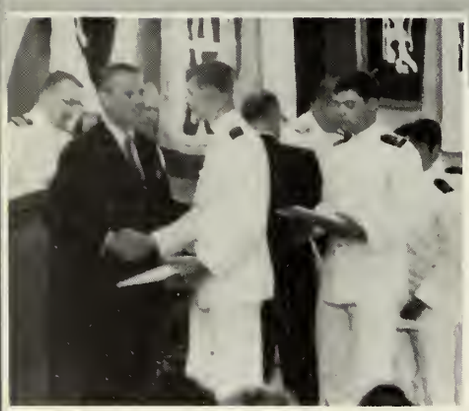
We anchored in Cape Cod Bay, were inspected for contraband, (which was well hidden) by Captain McNaughten, then waited what seemed like an endless night for morning, liberty, and home. Mr. Gilmetti Helped to pass the time by holding an " __ drag" filled awards-night.

As we came in, the emotion we felt when we looked out and saw the familiar railroad bridge and the pier where our families and sweethearts awaited us, knowing all the while that after this "there weren't no more" was far too powerful for words. It was a *good* feeling.

Almost there!

F.W.E. JUNE 22, 1968





"Sarge" congratulates Collins.

The Class of 1968

President Limouze extends greetings.

"We made it Honey"

GRADUATION;

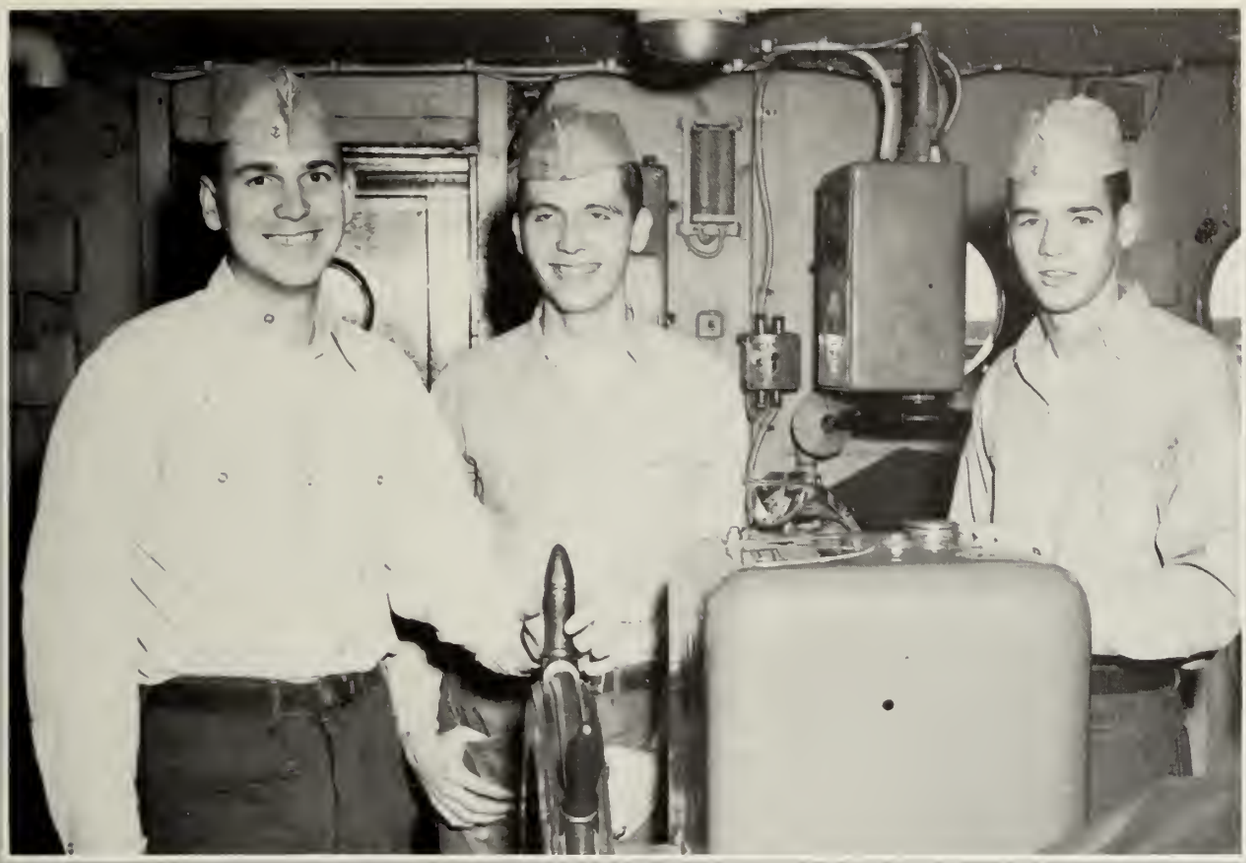
The voyage is over . . .

. . . or has it just begun?

After spending two days taking an unexpectedly difficult lifeboat exam, we returned home for a week and sent our whites out to have the remnants of the Ring Dance cleaned off them, and put them on for the second and last time. Massachusetts Maritime Academy was graduating its senior class in the Bourne High School Auditorium. As we sat through the long speeches, we felt no mixed emotions; we were getting out, and glad of it! True, it was the last time we would all be together: there would be no more games of Frisby or Liberty-night zoos, and they would be missed, but what lay ahead for all of us put those things out of our minds. Awards were given out, but they were mere tokens of facts that we all knew and recognized. The end that we had waited three years for came at last, and as the hats of the class of '68 filled the air, we became part of the alumni. A study in life ended for us, and with the knowledge we had obtained, we left the ceremony to begin our own lives in earnest.

THE DIVISIONS

Deck & Engine



NAV DIV

In this picture, we see the "brains" of the ship. Under Mr. Conners watchful eyes, these able cadet officers have brought us safely through many harrowing ordeals, and it is these brave mariners who hold the fate of our vessel in their hands ("Oh my God, NO!") Here in a toothy picture, we see Bible Bill Frappier, Tim "atron" Hayes, and Larry Kidel (smiling). Best of luck to Nav. Div!

FIRST DIV

Under the capable direction of Mr. Dorsey, the first division chipped and painted their way to M.M.A. fame, though their fame came in many and varied forms; they ran preached, volled and teeney bopped their way around the Fo'c'sle. Though by the time our upper job cruise was over, the division was down to two men, the fo'c'sle was kept in proper condition, and when we dropped anchor in the Bay they were putting the final touches on the paint job. Best of luck and a hardy *well done* to Father Bill Roffey, Dangerous Dan Cartmill, Loren "Snapps" Oldrich, and Teeney Jeff Adler.

SECOND DIV

Here in a rare photo taken just moments before they turned-to (or is that "turned in?") are the pride and joy, yes, the *elite* of the deck force. Under Mr. McNaughton's leadership these stout lads toiled long and hard at their task. With Larry (Blitz) Doyle and Duke Farrar, our able cadet officers we eventually turned into a crack division (cracked?). Always ready to lend a helping hand were Joseph (Milk Man) Mello, Baron Roach and Deals Coleman.

THIRD DIV

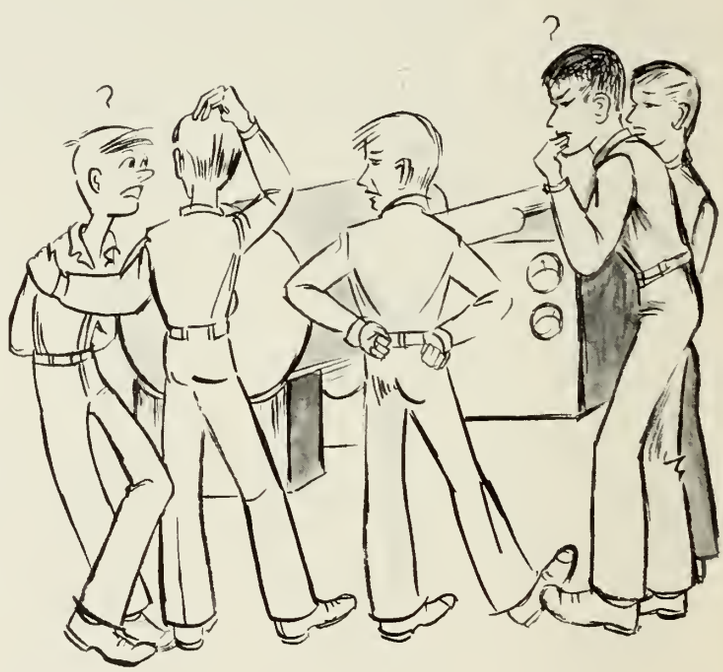
Under the guiding influence of Mr. Page and later Mr. McNaughton, 3rd division was the show place of the entire deck force. Our able Cadet officers Bob ("Bernie") Ford and Fast Ed ("Dixon! the boat's gone!") Macomber had their hands full trying to get a day's work out of Terry "Big Kahuna" McNamara; Rock Kenyon, Jesus Murphy, and Joe (Jump Down) Gibney, A fine job, well done by all hands!

WATCH ONE

Watch one was the watch of the "upper-humper", or so it seemed to the boys who worked-up their own weight in sweat under the direction of Willie LaCasse and Mr. Murray. All their work was not in vain, however, especially when they heard those rare words; "Oh hell, that was a *swell* job, Gents!". Through practice and repetition, they finally mastered their task, and by the end of the cruise, they could be heard to say in unison; *"I know everything"*. With sincere wishes for tight handhole plates and clean mud drums, we bid farewell to the Boiler division; Ruuu and Dave, the WMS trio, Steve, Ray and Art, the Boggers, Wynn, Tom, and Jake, Lennie ("The Fit") and the animal group, T-Bird and Bear (last, as usual).

WATCH TWO

If the watch two boys seem a bit melancholy in this picture, its only because their favorite officer could not be with them. It could always be said that whenever there was ____ to be dragged, Hank would be in there trying. ("It would behoove you men to find out where they plug in the D.C. heater!") When there was work to be done, they soon found out that Mr. Tonello was "Mario-on-the-spot". A watch of many and varied personalities, (cowboys and Indians, for example) never-the-less they got the job done. The best of luck to Chip and Chief Eagle Beak, Steamboat, Borneo, Buddha Jim, Bullet Head, Greg, The Topsfield Terror, Joe the Cumber, and Gerry.



WATCH THREE

Watch three, with Mr. Pratt and Charlie showing the way, became, in the course of our brief stay at M.M.A., skilled and accomplished flashlight holders of the highest rank. Though it appeared that the Electrical division was the "tread" watch, they kept things going (or glowing) around the ship. Even though they never did raise up all the gratings 6″ as an April fools joke on Charlie, we wish the watch three boys, Gar, Bob and J.J., Jack and Ju, Turtle, Dennis, Fred, Mario, and Deano the best of luck and the most completed of circuts. And watch out for those *homotrons!*

WATCH FOUR

You are now looking at a picture of the men who (though they'll deny it) invented the "deal". They spent the year working on the ship's auxiliaries and "pulling deals" under the supervision of Mr. "Bing" Crosby ("Yikes . . .!") and Mr. MacLeod ("What's that banging noise?" "Oh, they're down below fixing the purifier!"). With Leo Eddie, and Skip showing the way, Joey and his Brother Tony, Vinnie, Sky, Wild Bill, Wolf, and Wally Cool maintained and upheld their motto right up until the very last day of the cruise: "There are only two kinds of upper-jobs: the guys that are in watch four, and those that *wish* they were!" In an eleventh hour surge, they surpassed Watch One in the demerit race and became the unquestionable "Demo-Demon" watch.

GRADUATES
1968

JEFF

First Division
Rowing Team
Intramural Sports
Band 2, 3
Circle K Club
Boggers Inc.

Jeffrey G. Adler
Nautical Science

After leaving the aquatic sports and Cape Cod behind in favor of a deeper draft, Jeff came to M.M.A. During his three years here, he participated in all of the intramural sports and extended a good deal of effort in the pulling boat. Although he was the youngest member of his class, Jeff lacked nothing in the line of ability and helpfulness, which he proved through his service in the Circle K club. Good luck, Jeff, and smooth sailing.

ANDY

Watch 3
Secretary of the
Propeller Club
Rowing Team
Soccer 1
Newman Club
Balls Brothers

Richard B. Anderson
Marine Engineering

Andy came to us from the town of Abington, and immediately took up arms with *The Three Musketeers.* One of the most carefree boys ever, Andy was always where the good times were. Though we seldom saw him studying, Andy was always near the top of the class standings. He served on the Newman, Propeller, and Circle K clubs, was on the rowing and soccer teams, and played intramural sports. Good luck, Andy, whether you ship or go on to graduate school.

DEANO

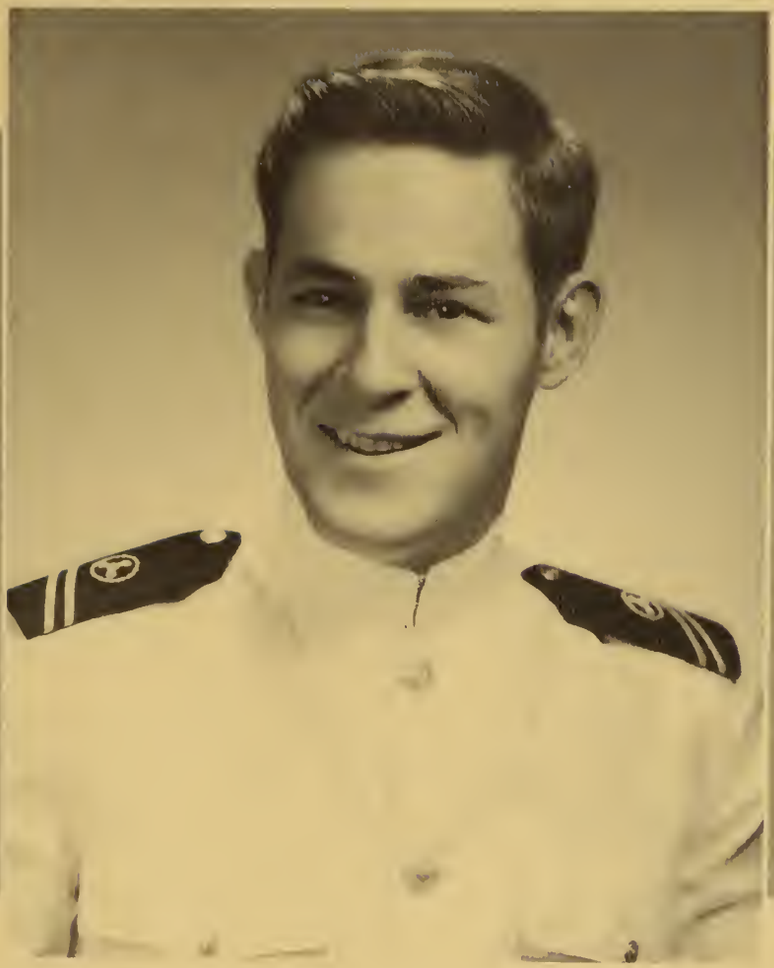
Band Master
Watch 3
Jazz Band
Circle K
Propeller Club
Store

W. Deane Barr
Marine Engineering

Deano arrived from the far distant state of Delaware bringing with him enough musical talent to turn M.M.A. into a Cape Cod version of the *Boston Pops.* In his upper-job year, he became bandmaster, a direct result of which was the finest band that M.M.A. has ever known. Deano worked in the Ship's Store (what happened to the cupcakes?) and served with the Circle K club. Good luck to a fine classmate.

STEAMBOAT

Watch 2
Phi Re Kappa Tread



Stephen R. Barth
Marine Engineering

Steamboat made his debut at M.M.A. in July of '64 and from that day on he never stopped making friends. After struggling with his foreign language his first year, Steamboat joined the ranks of *Phi Re Kappa Tread.* He was a member of the Propeller Club and enjoyed sailing, but never forgot to bring the oars along when he set sail. He will always be remembered for his weekend sea stories and his headpaper duels. We wish Steamboat fair winds and smooth sailing.

RAY

Watch 1
Co-Captain Soccer Team
Jour. Ed. Muster '68
Intramural Sports
Band 1, 2, 3
WMS

Raymond B. Barufaldi
Marine Engineering

Ray was one of those guys who could never find a place to stow his gear. As journalistic editor of *Muster 1968,* one of the originators of the *WMS frat,* a drummer in the band, and co-captain of the soccer team, he didn't spend many hours at M.M.A. without something to do. On the '67 cruise, he and Mulak pooled their efforts and produced a book, the fate of which remains to be seen. Ray wants to see the the world from a tramp steamer. Good luck, Ray, and *maintain your cool!*

JOE

Watch 2
President Rifle Club
Cross Country
Intramural Sports

Joseph H. Blunt
Marine Engineering

Straight from the North Shore came Joe Blunt, the tall fellow who had trouble with the low overheads on the Bay State. He played all forms of intramural sports during his three years, and was a leading member of the rifle team, serving as its treasurer and president. And when someone needed a movie shown, Joe was always there. Smooth sailing in all your future endeavors, Joe, and *watch out for those low hanging lines!*

JACK

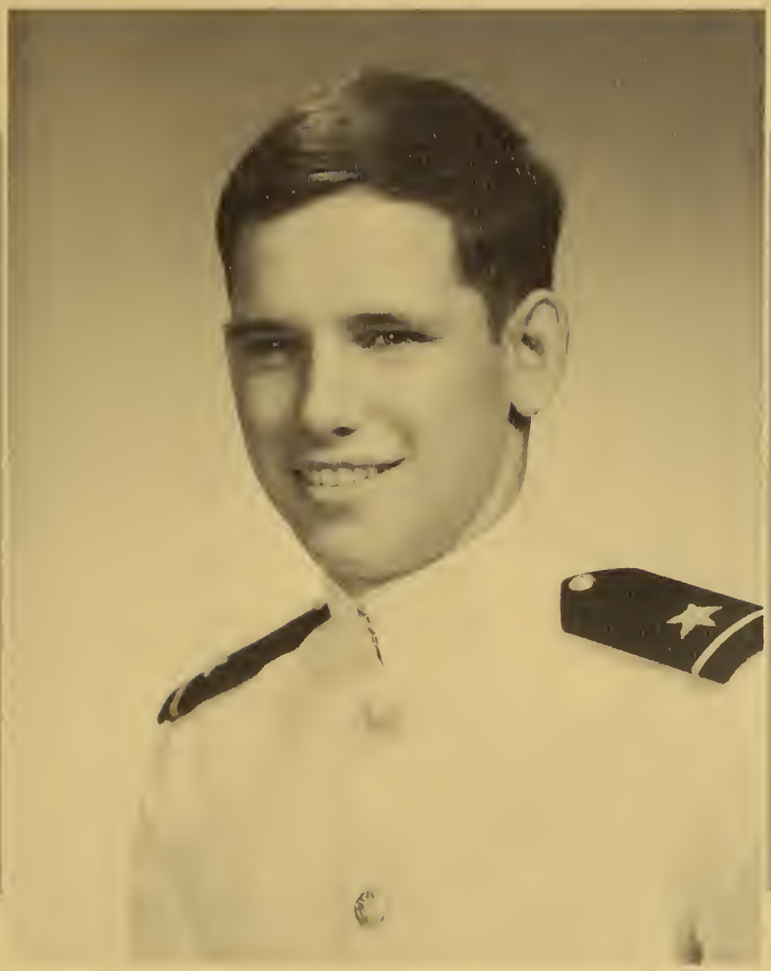
Watch 3
Intramural Sports
Phi Re Kappa Tread

John W. Canty
Marine Engineering

Jack came to M.M.A. from Dorchester in July of 1964. Before he knew it, his third class year was over, but by popular demand he was requested to stay on the math club for an extra year. We can say one thing for Jack, he'll never die of over-excitement. If the *I.R.A.* had a navy, Jack would be in it. Unfortunately they don't, but whatever company he does ship with, we can assure them they're getting a top-notch man in Jack. Good luck and smooth sailing.

DAVE

Cadet Ensign
Watch 1
Soccer 2, 3
Ring Dance Committee



David E. Carrier
Marine Engineering

Dave is a fellow we remember as a friendly sort of guy who wore a constant smile and was always willing to lend a hand to anyone in need. A bright fellow, he held a position near the top of the class standings all through his three years at M.M.A., which resulted in his being awarded a cadet ensign's stripe at the beginning of his upper-job year. Dave held much promise as a soccer player, but a knee injury prevented his playing out his last season. We know his fine attitude and friendliness will be an asset to the merchant marine. Good luck, Dave.

DANNY

First Division
Band 2, 3
Rifle Club 3
Sailing 2
Intramural Sports
Phi Re Kappa Tread

Daniel N. Cartmill
Nautical Science

From the not-too-far-away town of Marion came Dan Cartmill. Adept in the non-scholastic trades and challenges of life, he accepted membership in the *Phi Re Kappa Tread* fraternity at the end of his first year. The time he spent at sea did a world of good for Dan's outlook, for, in spite of his setback, he relied on his individualism and graduated. A very personable fellow, he remains in the minds of everyone as a good friend and shipmate.

CHICO

Battalion Adjutant
Watch 4
President of the
Propeller Club
Intramural Sports
Honor Guard

Leo J. Clifford
Marine Engineering

Leo, a quiet but carefree person, came to us from the historic town of Lexington. He was active in the Propeller club and in intramural sports, and none of us were surprised when he got the *big three* in his upper-job year. When he wasn't in the Commandant's office, he could usually be found in the company of his Watch IV buddy and drinking companion, Ed Simmons. We know he'll go far in the future. (If he can just stay away from Captain Ahab.) Good luck, Leo!

J.J.

Watch 3
Soccer 2, 3
Intramural Sports
Phi Re Kappa Tread

John J. Cole
Marine Engineering

J.J. was another member of that Greek frat, *Phi Re Kappa Tread.* After his second-job year he was requested to spend an extra year on the math club. J.J. was a member of the soccer team and the Newman club, though he spent most of his extra time at the card table. A happy fellow, J.J. was always willing to listen to a joke and he never failed to get a good laugh out of it. Keep smiling, J.J. We wish you only the best of luck in your travels with *T.L.O.*

DEALS

Second Division
Ring Committee
Intramural Sports
Phi Re Kappa Tread

Alfred A. Coleman
Nautical Science

Although few of us can remember when Deals first arrived here, we've accepted him with open hearts and a strict policy of *never let him borrow anything you can't do without.*

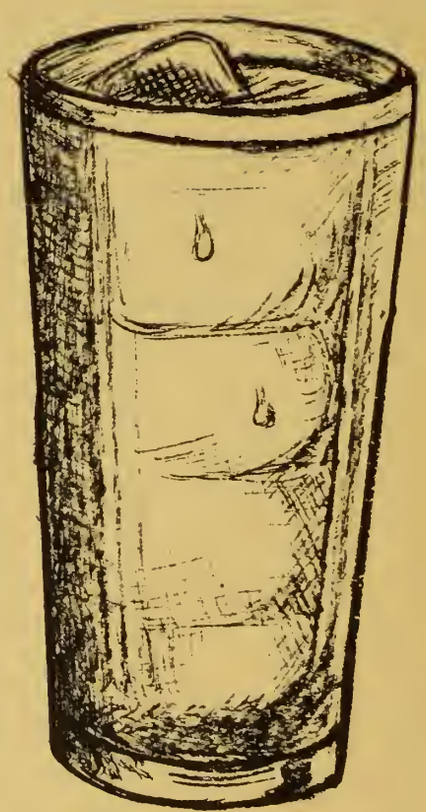
While here, he distinguished himself as a senior member of that warmest of Greek frats *Phi Re Kappa Tread* and spread mirth and good cheer at the "Cove", (a neighborhood establishment of recreation and comradeship.) It really beat hell out of his classmates to find him constantly at the head of the academic standings. One of the original *time tunnel* residents, we know we'll see more of Deals as he ships tramp steamer.

TOM

Watch 1
Rowing Team
Boggers Inc.

Thomas A. Collins
Marine Engineering

Tom arrived in Buzzards Bay three years ago, a meek, quiet lad who still had cranberry stains on his feet. He quickly earned the respect of his classmates by giving everything he had to everything he did. Always near the top of his class, Tom studied as hard as he worked. It seemed his only pleasures in life were rowing (he was on the varsity team) and assaulting light bulbs. During his upper-job year, we noticed that Tom had changed from the quiet lad he was to the M.M.A. grad he is. Good luck, Tom, though we know with your ability, you'll never need it.



JERRY

Watch 2
Rowing Team
Intramural Sports
Color Guard
Phi Re Kappa Tread

Gerald F. Culbert
Marine Engineering

Jerry's long distinguished record at M.M.A. is a credit to his native town of Hull. Among many of his achievements he is a full fledged member of *Phi Re Kappa Tread* and is a seasoned member of the famous "1-50" club. A member of the Varsity Rowing club, *Rowbody* breezed his way through Spanish during his second class year, not to mention many harrowing nights of evening studies. With an attitude like Jerry's and a will to achieve his goal, we know his future plans will develop successfully. Best of luck and smooth sailing to a great classmate.

BORNEO

Watch 2
Soccer 2, 3

Wilfrid N. Derby
Marine Engineering

One of the few out-of-state guys in our class, Borneo hails from everywhere and anywhere, (but mostly from Lake Champlain, N.Y.). We'll always remember Borneo as the kind of shipmate who could take his share of ribbing. He was on the soccer team and Newman club, as well as the antique car club (he specialized in Zephers). Good luck in whatever you do, Borneo.

WYNN

Watch 1
Muster Staff
Soccer 3
Intramural Sports
Boggers Inc.

Wynn F. Deschamps
Marine Engineering

Wynn followed the cranberry stained footsteps of his brother, which lead from the town of Eastham to M.M.A. During his first year here, he was active on the soccer team but since then has spent more time on crutches than on the athletic field. When he wasn't pampering his infamous knee, he could be found working in the Muster office. Good luck, Wynn, and smooth sailing (but don't forget the seasick pills just in case!)

LIGHTNING

Cadet Ensign
Second Division
Band 2, 3
Rifle Club 1, 2, 3
Phi Re Kappa Tread

Lawrence K. Doyle
Nautical Science

Undaunted after being left behind by the Class of '67, Lightning proved he could cut the mustard by securing an anchor position with the Class of '68. Although visualized by the other members of the *Time Tunnel* as a human shower sandal, ready to spring at the first sounds of reveille, Larry proved his stuff by becoming captain of the laundry cage where his happy grin was a tonic to all. Larry hopes to sail from the West Coast for the "Slow Boat to China" division of M.M. & P. Good luck to a fine shipmate.

DENIS

Watch 3
Rowing Team
Intramural Sports
Phi Re Kappa Tread

Denis F. Duffey
Marine Engineering

Denis walked through the gates of M.M.A. as Scituate's answer to the cry for Marine Engineers. His quick wit and high learning capacity were, however, delayed at the beginning of his second job year and he was forced to join great *Phi Re Kappa Tread.* We almost lost Denis on a short stop in the Bahama Islands, but his true love for the sea prevailed and he returned for the remainder of the cruise. Along with wishing Muff good luck in his future plans with *G.W.,* we wish smooth sailing to a fine engineer and classmate.

DUKE

Cadet Lieutenant
Second Division
Soccer 1
Intramural Sports
Rifle Club 1, 2, 3
Band 2, 3
Phi Re Kappa Tread

David C. Farrar
Nautical Science

The Duke, as he is known by his classmates, hails from the metropolis of Taunton. Dave seems to be the type who always has the right comment for the situation. In his first class year he came out for soccer and did an admirable job. He also was awarded Cadet Lieutenant bars in his upper-job year. Dave has come a long way in a short time with a lot of work and has made his way up through the ranks. We know Dave has what it takes to make a good merchant marine officer. Good luck, Dave, and pleasant sailing.

UGS

Watch 2
Co-captain Cross-country Team
Soccer 1
Rowing Team
Intramural Sports
Propeller Club

Robert J. Fife
Marine Engineering

A North Shore boy, Ugs brought all his athletic ability with him when he came to M.M.A. When it came to soccer, rowing, cross country, or intramural sports he was always there. Ugs had a special talent for yelling and often outdid himself in his famous one-man contests. He was active on the Newman, Propeller, and Insanity clubs when he wasn't on the athletic field. Good luck, Ugs, and remember; *Use your head!*

BOB

Cadet Lieutenant
Third Division
Co-captain Soccer Team
Intramural Sports
Boggers Inc.

Robert H. Ford
Nautical Science

Bob came to us from what we know as Cape Cod. He is one of the few people whom you can not say enough about, no matter how much space you have to write. Bob is what we would term a natural athlete. Besides being Co-Captain of the soccer team, Bob seemed to excel in every intramural sport he participated in. Not only did he excel as an athlete, but in his upper-job year he was awarded two stripes. We're told he has a way with the ladies as well. How about that, Bob? We know he will do well in anything he attempts. Good luck!

MIKE

Watch 2
Rifle Club 1, 2, 3
Intramural Sports
Band 1, 2, 3
Honor Guard
Newman Club
Circle K Club

Francis M. Fortini
Marine Engineering

The Minnie Ginnie came to M.M.A. from the historic city of Plymouth. He brought with him his clarinet and enough nervousness to last him through his three years here. It paid off, though, for he graduated high in the class standings. He was on the Newman, Propeller, and Circle K clubs, as well as the rifle team. Good luck, Ginnie, and remember to *take it easy!*

BILL

Battalion Commander
Navigation Division
Circle K Club
Phi Re Kappa Tread

William J. Frappier
Nautical Science

Out of the navy and to M.M.A. came Barnacle Bill Frappier. He really hit the books during his stay here, including, among others, The Old Testament. After his second year, he joined the *Phi Re Kappa Tread* fraternity. A militarily inclined fellow, Bill was awarded the four stripes of battalion commander and became our "fearless leader". We know in the future this easy-going fellow will find success in whatever he does. Good luck, Bill.

SKIP

Cadet Ensign
Watch 4
Soccer 1. 3
Intramural Sports
Ring Dance Committee
Propeller Club
Newman Club

Philip E. Gabriel
Marine Engineering

Skip came to us from any one of three places; the Panama Canal Zone, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., or Quincy, Mass. (Even he's not sure just where.) We knew Skip as the guy with more stories of motorcycles and hunting-in-the-wilds than anyone. He played soccer and served on the Newman and Propeller clubs. We were all pleased when Skip received the stripe of cadet ensign in his upper-job year. Lykes is getting a fine engineer in Skip. Good luck and smooth sailing.

JUMP–DOWN

Third Division
Muster Staff
Intramural Sports
Newman Club
Soccer Manager

Joseph F. Gibney, Jr.
Nautical Science

Everyone is famous for something during their life. Jumps is an exception, for we remember him for two things; his infamous blanket that spent two years harboring vermin and roaches in the *Time Tunnel,* and the time on the '67 cruise when he nearly sent us all into the lifeboats while he was at the helm. Always smiling, Jumps passed his time at M.M.A. deeply engrossed in sleep, taking time out occasionally during the fall of the year to be soccer manager. In the future we know Jump Down will be an asset to MM&P. Good luck, *and stay away from the wheel.*

T–BIRD

Watch 1
Newman Club
Phi Re Kappa Tread

Thomas J. Hamerly
Marine Engineering

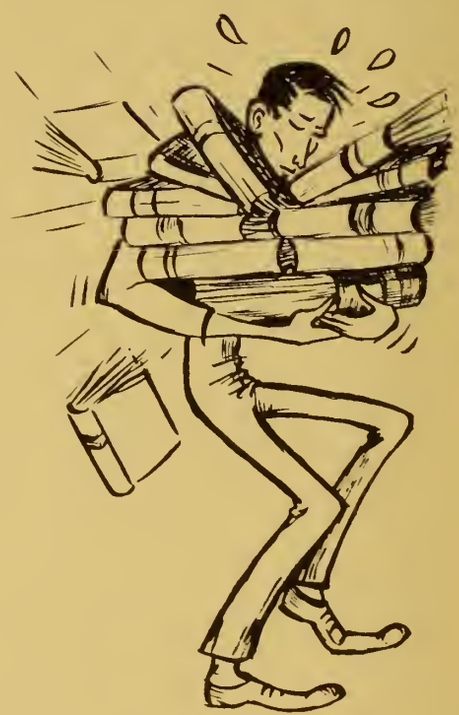
The Bird flew in from what we now know as Worcester, and he brought with him a sincerity and good nature seldom found anywhere. From the beginning, it was an established fact that the Bird was good people. We'll always remember him for his choice questions and comments in the classroom. There is going to be only one T-Bird sailing the seven seas (if he can stay in one piece), and he'll be a product of M.M.A. Good luck, Tom, and smooth flying.

TIM

Cadet Ensign
Navigation Division
Rifle Club 1, 2, 3
Newman Club
Boggers Inc.

Timothy F. Hayes
Nautical Science

A pert student with the idealistic approach to the challenge presented by three years of life on the Bay State, Tim came to us by way of Barnstable High. Always ready with a tall-tale, and armed with his survival-of-the-fittest outlook, he survived the rigors of academy life and graduated with many fond memories of M.M.A. As a shipmate, he demonstrated his ability to be an intellectual in a society of *average middie types.* Best of luck to a future master.



BILL

Watch 1
Cross Country Team
Soccer 3
Propeller Club
Laundry Worker

William A. Janes
Marine Engineering

Wild Bill Janes, straight from the North Shore city of Danvers, came to our school with many years of experience as a fireball behind him. He quickly joined the ranks of the *BAMFLW* frat in the laundry. He ran on the cross country team and was on the Propeller Club. Bill was one guy who really "knew his stuff", a result of which was his high position in the graduating class. Good luck, Bill, on that Viet Nam run.

FRED

Cadet Lieutenant
Watch 3
Color Guard
Ring Committee
Class Barber
Phi Re Kappa Tread

Frederick D. Judge
Marine Engineering

Fred was one of the few people who never had a childhood. He was born an old man. The most senior member of *Phi Re Kappa Tread* fraternity, our favorite class barber was always willing to lend advice or express an opinion. Fred was rewarded for his efforts in his upper-job year by being awarded the two stripes of a cadet lieutenant. As we say good bye to Fred, we wish him the best of luck and the smoothest of sailing.

CHIP

Cadet Lieutenant
Watch 2
Soccer 1
Intramural Sports
Color Guard
Ring Dance Committee

Eno F. Kangas
Marine Engineering

Chip came to M.M.A. with a book called *Marine Engineering* in one hand and a toupee in the other. He rapidly made his way up the ladder, and in his upper-job year received Cadet Lieutenant's stripes as a reward for his efforts. As a soccer player, he came out late, but in no time at all was starting as an ace fullback. We know Chip will do well in anything he attempts, and we wish him the best of luck in the future.

LARRY

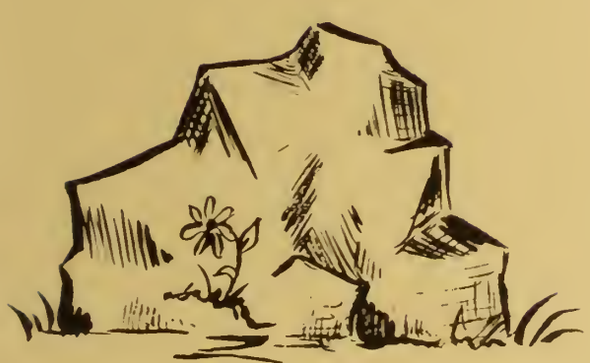
Cadet Lieutenant
Navigation Division
Soccer 1
Intramural Sports

Lawrence A. Kiedel
Nautical Science

Down from Cleveland came the original *Teeny,* Larry Kiedel. He had a few days head start on the rest of us, which was probably the reason he was the Nav. Div. two-striper in our upper-job year. He was the star short-stop for the deckie softball club, as well as a left wing for the soccer team. Larry intends to ship off the West Coast. Good luck and smooth sailing to a fine shipmate.

ROCKY

Third Division
Soccer Manager 2
Soccer 3
Intramual Sports



Robert H. Kenyon
Nautical Science

Coming from the wilds of Indian Orchard, Bob soon adapted himself to the wilds of the Bay State. In short order the upper-jobs were on familiar terms with him. His doings with them will be remembered by all for a long time to come. With a minimum of difficulty Bob soon became a second-job and in like manner an upper-job. His activities included that of soccer manager. His plans are to sail on either tankers or tramps. Good luck, Bob, wherever the wanderlust may lead you.

SKY

Watch 4
Chairman of the Ring
Dance Committee
Business Editor of
the '68 Muster
Rowing Team
Soccer 1
Intramural Sports
Propeller Club
Laundry Worker

Thomas C. King
Marine Engineering

Tom King came to M.M.A. from the North Shore town of Danvers. We remember Tom as a scrapper with more energy than a vitamin pill. He found various uses for his energy; On the cruises he worked in the laundry, let his hair grow, collected *demos,* and made several gallant but fruitless attempts to run certain taverns dry. Back at school, he spent most of his time between the Muster office, the planning desk for the ring dance, and the whist table. Tom intends to make a career out of the Merchant Marine. Good luck to a fine engineer.

JAKE

Watch 1
Soccer 1
Rifle Club 1, 2, 3
Intramural Sports
Honor Guard
Drill Team
Circle K Club
Propeller Club
Boggers Inc.

Parker M. Koopman
Marine Engineering

Jake will always be remembered as a guy who could take jokes as well as hand them out. A good natured fellow who always seemed to be after a good time, Jake was everyone's friend. While at M.M.A., he was active in the Circle K and Rifle clubs, as well as being the leading exponent of the *Sunday Night Bag* Club. Though his future plans are undecided, we know a likeable guy like Jake will have no trouble finding success.

GREG

Watch 2
Rowing Team
Rifle Club 3
Boggers Inc.
Phi Re Kappa Tread
Soccer 1

Gregory J. Kopcak
Marine Engineering

During Greg's time at Mass. Maritime, he left a lasting impression on all of us. He was always willing to lend a helping hand around, be it an engineering problem or a free-swinging brawl. A member of the *Phi Re Kappa Tread* fraternity, Greg was able to spend an extra year on the math club. Good luck, Greg, and smooth sailing.

JIM

Watch 2
Intramural Sports
Circle K
Phi Re Kappa Tread

James W. Langenbach
Marine Engineering

Jim left his quiet home town of Raynham intent on finding better things; a life of travel, adventure, romance and intrigue. Instead, he came to M.M.A. After his second-job year, he joined the ranks of *Phi Re Kappa Tread* and the Class of '68. We noticed from the beginning that Jim enjoys life as *he* lives it; Just ask him—he'll tell you. As an engineer or a bike mechanic, we wish Jim the best of luck.

ART

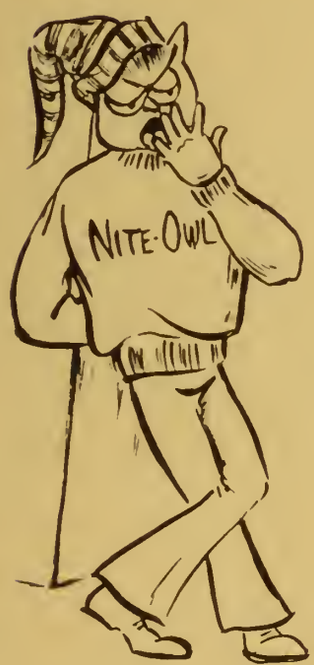
Watch I
Asst. Editor, Muster '68
Soccer 3
Band I
Honor Guard
Drill Team
W.M.S.

Arthur J. Levesque III
Marine Engineering

Art came to us from the City of Springfield, bringing with him his guitar and amplifier. Quiet and reserved, he seldom spoke to anyone outside of the *WMS* frat. Every weekend, though, Art broke loose as the pilot of the *WMS express.* He served as assistant editor of the *68 Muster* and was active on the *V.N.* He graduated high in his class, and will make a fine marine engineer. Good luck, Art, and smooth sailing.

VINNY

Watch 4
Photo Editor, Muster '68
Intramural Sports
Propeller Club
Newman Club
Laundry Worker



Vincent M. Lonergan
Marine Engineering

Vinny came to us from the city of West Roxbury. He immediately gained fame from his ability to go without sleep for what seemed like nights on end. What he did at night no one seemed to know, and even in our upper-job year, *The Night Owl's* bunk seldom was occupied. Vinny worked the night shift in the laundry on the cruises, and we foresee an excellent career for him as a night engineer. Good luck, Vinny, and *stay awake!*

TURTLE

Watch 3
Rowing Team
Intramural Sports
Phi Re Kappa Tead

Robert B. MacGregor
Marine Engineering

Turtle began his time at M.M.A. as a deckie, but during his second-job year he ran into a few problems. After throwing down his dividers and parallel rules for the last time, he went below to become a *snipe.* Often a victim of circumstances, Turtle picked up demoes by the century, the most famous instance being a letter written to a certain doctor, which ultimately resulted in 75 demerits being deducted from his record. We are sure that Turtle will prove himself a top notch engineer and wish him only the best of luck.

ED

Cadet Ensign
Third Division
Rifle Club
Band 2, 3
Phi Re Kappa Tread

Edward F. Macomber
Nautical Science

Hailing from his home port of Plymouth, Ed is an old seafarer from way back. After being a second-job for a time, he decided that he liked M.M.A. enough to spend an extra year here. So after a short stint with Farrell Lines, he became a member of the class of '68. His seagoing experiences have been a help to all of us in such subjects as Cargo, Ships' Ops, etc. Best of luck, Ed, in your travels after graduation.

JU

Watch 3
Soccer 1, 2, 3
Intramural Sports
Ring Dance Committee
Circle K
Newman Club, Vice-Pres.
Laundry Worker

Ronald J. McAlear
Marine Engineering

Ju was sadly disappointed when he arrived at M.M.A. with his golf clubs slung over his shoulder, and we've been hearing all about what's wrong with the school ever since. Ju played soccer and intramural sports, worked actively on the Circle K and Newman clubs, and he was the fellow we complained to about the cruise laundry. Those of us that served on the *V.N.* knew him as the Supreme Commander. Good luck, Ju, and *keep smiling!*

WOLF

Watch 4
Intramural Sports

Bruce McDonald
Marine Engineering

Out of the wooded hills of the Western town of Cheshire came a vicious Wolf. Always a helpful and active member of our class, he was in the Propeller club and was one of the leading exponents of the *V.N.* In his upper-job year, he joined the ranks of watch four, where he spent many happy hours haunting the second class. Wolf intends to ship to the Far East upon graduation. Good luck, Wolf, in whatever you may do.

TERRY

Third Division
Rowing Team
Intramural Sports
Color Guard
Phi Re Kappa Tread

Terrence McNamara
Nautical Science

Dripping wet and tanned a healthy bronze, our surfing champion has always sought the benefits of sun and sands. We know him as a suave surfer whose noisy wails of "Waaa" will long permeate the sacred confides of the Time Tunnel. In his second-job year, Terry held a prominent position on our rowing team (blitzing the Coast Guard team, our only accredited win) and on the Honor Guard. His last year was spent on the sailing team and Circle K, where he spent most of his free time trying to win glories for our *Never Say Die* school organizations. Good luck, Terry, with Farrel Lines . . . We know you'll find *that perfect wave!*

J.C.

Second Division
Sailing Team
Newman Club

Joseph C. Mello
Nautical Science

Joe, or J.C. as he is commonly known, is a true mariner in every sense of the word. He hails from the island of Martha's Vineyard. Though he likes hunting, his mind is never far from his one true love—sailing. Throughout his years here, he proved his ability as he captained our Shields boats to a multitude of victories. J.C. is a well-liked member of the class and will always be remembered for his willingness to help a classmate in need. Upon graduation, J.C. plans to ship with Farrell Lines on runs to Africa and Australia. Good luck, J.C.

MOCH

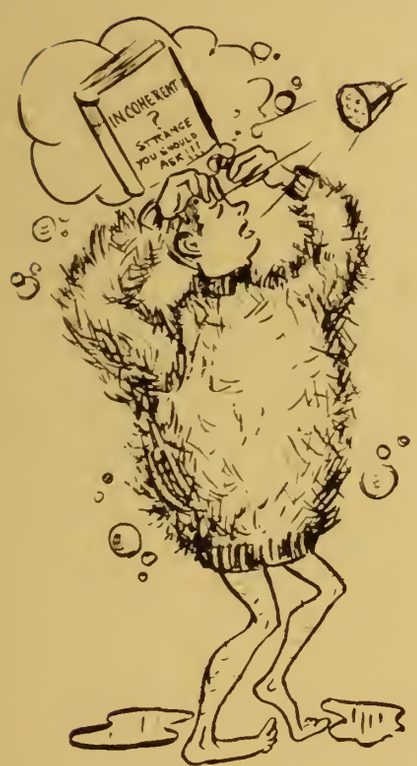
Watch 4
Soccer 1
Rowing Team
Intramural Sports
Propeller Club
The Balls Brothers

Joseph V. Mochi
Marine Engineering

From the heart of Somerville came the colorful character who was known to us all as Moch. He specialized in Italian food, talking with his hands, and having a good time. A member of *The Three Musketeers,* he was seldom seen out of the company of his companions. Moch was on the Propeller club, and was the coxswain on the rowing team. On Fridays Moke couldn't wait to get home so he could go *up town.* Good luck, Moch, in whatever you do.

STEVE

Watch I
Editor-in-chief
Muster '68
Soccer 3
Intramural Sports
W.M.S.
Honor Guard



Steven J. Mulak
Marine Engineering

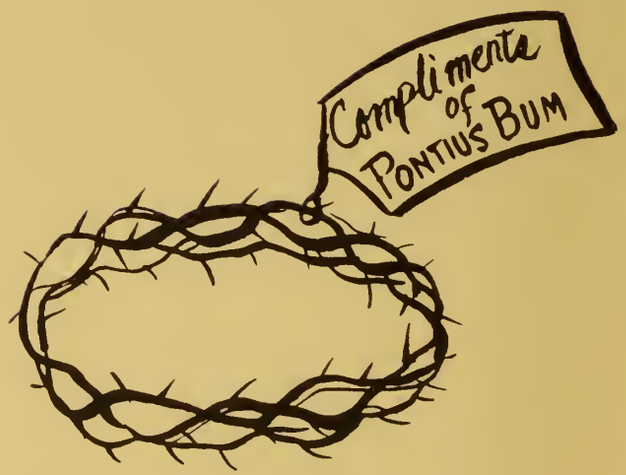
Steve came to us from the western city of Chicopee. One of the originators of the *WMS* frat, he kept us laughing all through our three years, not only with his jokes, but with his singing as well. Active in all phases of school life, *The Prophet* played intramural sports and was the editor of *Muster '68.* On the '67 cruise, he and Barufaldi wrote what they call, " . . . a major novel of our time". Steve intends to ship with Moore McCormack upon graduation. Good luck, Steve, and *Keep Smiling!*

JESUS

Third Division
Soccer 1, 3
Intramural Sports

Joseph S. Murphy
Nautical Science

Jesus, the SOMF king of the Time Tunnel, fought a losing battle with the proverbial spare tire during his three years at M.M.A. He was the wit of the Deckie Compartment, and kept things going when they got dull, which wasn't very often. *The Bum's Pal,* as he was sometimes known, was Deals's partner in crime both on and off the ship. Always near the top of his class, Jesus will be an asset to M.M.&P. Good luck, Jesus, and keep smiling!



LENNY

Watch 1
Cross Country 3
Intramural Sports
Honor Guard
Drill Team
Newman Club

Lenoard P. Murphy
Marine Engineering

Lenny was someone whom everyone knew during their youngie and upper-job year, but where he was during our second job year is a mystery. (It seems that Lenny spent more time in Rockport than in Buzzards Bay.) Always a clown at heart, we spent many hours listening to his talented imitations. He participated in intramural sports, and was a member of the Newman Club. Lennie intends to ship with Gulf. We can assure them that they're getting a good man.

LORIN

Cadet Lieutenant
First Division
Co-Captain Cross-Country
Circle K Club
Newman Club

Lorin C. Olderich
Nautical Science

Lorin, our cruise correspondent, hails from the old wailing port of Nantucket. One of the most sincere members of our class, he was always willing to lend a helping hand wherever it was needed. Lorin led a full schedule during his time at M.M.A. He was co-captain of the cross-country team and Cadet Lieutenant for the first division. Though his cruise experiences were many and varied, he came home still wearing his two stripes. The best of luck in the future to a fine shipmate.

O'MA

Watch 2
Honor Guard
Drill Team
Phi Re Kappa Tread

Robert D. O'Meara
Marine Engineering

O'Ma, known in some circles as Bobby O'Murray, devoted his first two years at M.M.A. to the study of Algebra I. His perseverance won him a definite membership on in that famous fraternity, *Phi Re Kappa Tread.* When the class of 1970 arrived, Bob's friendly attitude and beaming smile won him the nickname of *The Topsfield Terror.* We wish O'Ma the smoothest of sailing in the future, *even if it is with the Navy!*

BATMAN

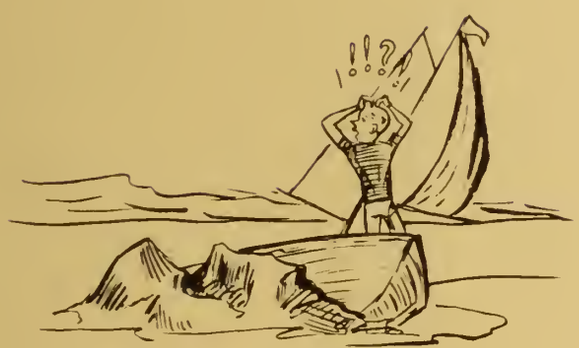
Second Division
Honor Guard
Circle K Club

William Penswick
Nautical Science

Bill brought with him when he came to M.M.A. the ability to laugh and have a good time seemingly no matter what the circumstance. We think we will always remember Batman for his jovial personality and for his grace. Bill could trip over anything and if there was a way to get hurt, Bill managed to find it. In his second-job year Bill was a member of the honor guard. We think Bill would like to remember the *Time Tunnel* and *B.C.* Good luck, Bill. We know you will make good.

BOB

Watch 3
Sailing Team
Shellbacks
Phi Re Kappa Tread



Robert D. Reed
Marine Engineering

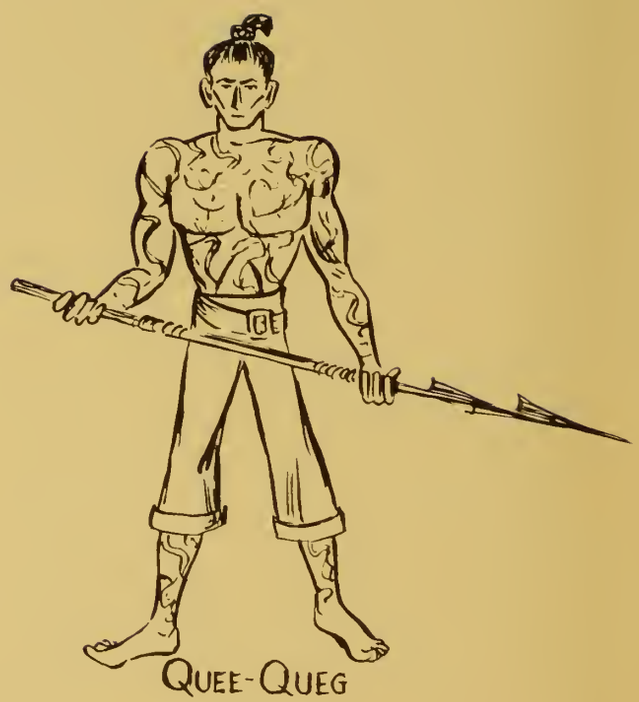
From the heart of Brockton came Bob into the clutches of M.M.A. Bob, one of the quieter guys in the class, went unnoticed until that fatal Ring Dance night of his second-job year, when, due to the efforts of that always-feared three striper, Bob was able to spend much time on board studying. He was a member of the Propeller and Newman Clubs and an avid member of the sailing team. Bob is also another member of M.M.A.'s famous Fraternity, *Phi Re Kappa Tread.* We wish him smooth sailing and good luck with whoever he sails with.

BILL

Cadet Lieutenant
Watch I
Soccer 1, 2
Rifle Club
Intramural Sports

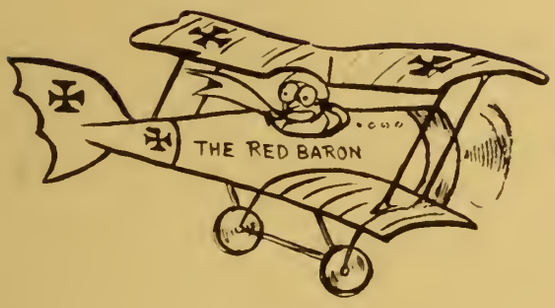
William W. Reuell
Marine Engineering

From the North Shore came the chief harpooner of the class of '68; Bill "Que Queg" Reuell. A quiet fellow, (at least during his first two years) he rose to the rank of Cadet Lieutenant in his upper job year. Bill played soccer and intramural sports, as well as serving on the propeller club and the V.N. As Bill leaves we wish him the best of luck and the smoothest of sailing.



BARON

Second Division
Intramural Sports
Phi Re Kappa Tread



Edward E. Roach
Nautical Science

It seems like years ago that The Baron came to M.M.A. for three years of "resort" living, or so he thought! He loved the place so much, in fact, that he decided to join *Phi Re Kappa Tread* and stay on an extra year. Barron will be an asset to the merchant marine, due to his unusual imagination and good nature. No matter what he does, we'll always remember Baron as a fine and inspiring shipmate. Good luck and *hang in there, kid!*

BILL

Cadet Ensign
First Division
Newman Club President
Soccer 3
Circle K Club

William T. Roffey III
Nautical Science

Father Bill came out of the seminary and came to, of all places, Mass. Maritime! An all around good guy, he'll always be remembered as everyone's friend. Two years on the soccer team, and the Circle K and Newman Clubs kept Bill busy during his stay on the Bay State. We were all happy to see Bill win the stripe of a Cadet Ensign in his upper-job year. In the future we know our "class chaplain" will find success in whatever field he chooses. Good luck, Bill.

TONY

Watch 4
Intramural Sports
Propeller Club
Balls Brothers

Anthony Scarlata
Marine Engineering

Tony came to us from Dedham, and together with Moch and Andy, formed a group called *The Three Musketeers.* We never seemed to see Tony studying, yet he always ranked high in the class standings. One thing we've found out about him; be it in a softball game or a headpaper fight, don't ever underestimate the accuracy of Tony's throwing arm. He played intramural sports and served on the propeller club. Good luck, Tony, and smoother sailing in the future than you had at M.M.A.

GAR

Cadet Ensign
Watch 3
Intramural Sports
Laundry Worker

John H. Shea, Jr.
Marine Engineering

From the city of Beverly came John "The Gar" Shea. Easy to get along with, always squared away, Gar was one of the friendliest guys in our class. As we graduate, we find him holding a high position in the class standings, a tribute to his hard work through all three of his years at M.M.A. We were all glad to see him receive the single bar of a cadet ensign in his upper-job year. He was active on the cross-country team and played intramural sports. Whenever something went wrong in the laundry, Gar was the man to see. Good luck, Gar. Whoever you ship with, we can assure them they're getting a top-notch man.

ED

Cadet Lieutenant
Watch 4
Captain Honor Guard
Intramural Sports
Propeller Club
Drill Team
Phi Re Kappa Tread

Edmond B. Simmons
Marine Engineering

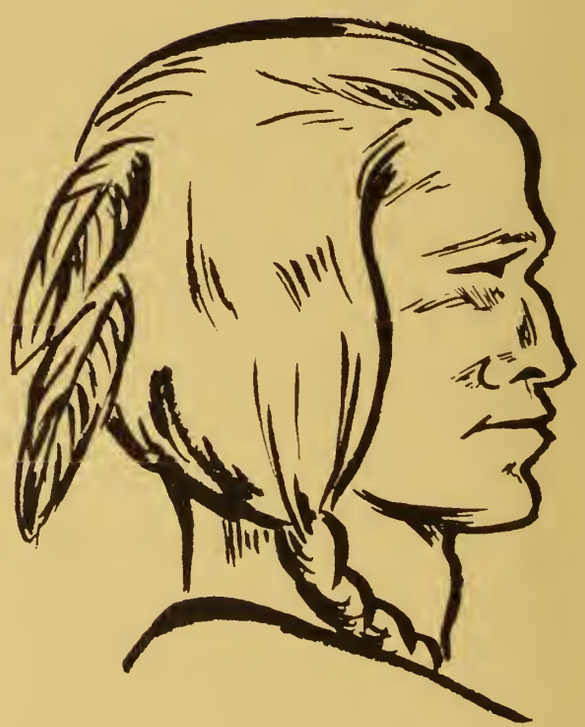
Ed Simmons, a *Phi Re Kappa Tread* member, hails from the expanding metropolis of Waltham. Ed always seemed to be that type of quiet, good guy who would go far. This was proven when in his upper job year he was honored with the stripes of a cadet lieutenant. Ed was also active in the Honor Guard, and with his perpetually squared away existence he was a welcome asset. We all know Ed will do his best and come out on top in anything he tries.

GLENN

Cadet Ensign
Watch 2
Rifle Team 3
Intramural Sports
Band 2, 3
Jazz Band
Ring Committee
Phi Re Kappa Tread
Color Guard

Glenn T. Sizemore
Marine Engineering

"Young Glenn" Sizemore, chief of the *Cranbogger Indian tribe,* has been our classmate for the past three years despite his membership in the *Phi Re Kappa Tread* fraternity. A likeable guy, he participated in intramural sports, the color guard, and played in the jazz band. In his upper-job year, we were all happy to see Glenn receive the stripe of a cadet ensign. Grace Lines will have a top notch engineer in Glenn. So long, Indian; may the Great White Father always grant you smooth waters.



WALLY

Watch 4
Rowing Team

Walter A. Suslak
Marine Engineering

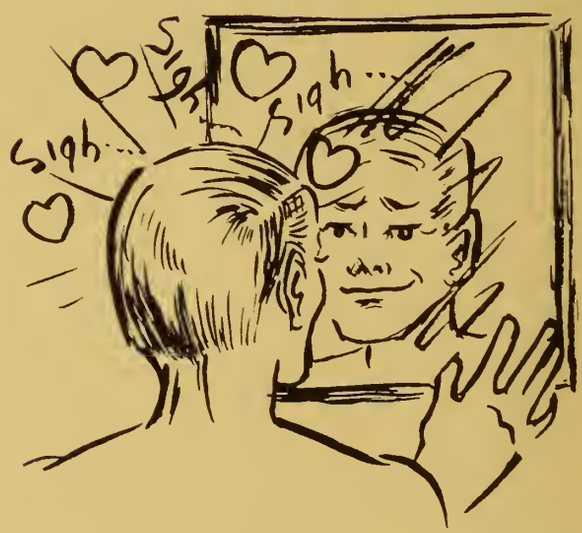
Walter came to us from the North Shore community of Lynn. Always well dressed with shined shoes and polished brass, Walter always was one of the most squared away fellows in our class. He always had an easier way to make a faster buck, which was a tribute to his ingenuity. Active in athletics, he rowed third oar for the rowing team. Good luck, Walter, and *keep your eye on the green.*

MARIO

Watch 3
Intramural Sports
Honor Guard
Drill Team
Newman Club
Propeller Club

Edward M. Tonello
Marine Engineering

Mario came to us from the town of Winchester. Always a good natured fellow, we could always depend on Mario to have something to say about anything and everything. He was on the Newman club, and served on the honor guard. In his upper-job year, Mario was the star pitcher for the *1/E Turbines,* the champs of the intramural softball league. In the future, we can look for Mario in the engine room of an American President Line freighter. Good luck and smooth sailing!



BEAR

Watch I
Propeller Club

Paul D. Winskowicz
Marine Engineering

From the town of Danvers came a large but friendly Bear. Unlike most bears, we found that this one hibernates all year round. Always a good natured fellow, he was one of the fellows in our class who really knew his stuff in the engine room. Bear served on the Propeller Club but always seemed to be in too much of a hurry to find time for other activities. In the future, we'll be able to find our favorite Bear on a tanker, if he can stay awake long enough. Good luck, Bear, and *sleep tight!*

REVIEW

"Left foot on the bass drum."

Hey, Chief! Lookit' me!

What is a Middie?

After the security of childhood and the insecurity of adulthood, we find an unusual animal called a MIDDIE.

On ships, in their bunks, in bars, on leave, in love, and always in debt. Girls love them, mothers tolerate them, and the Commonwealth supports them.

He always wants something, and it usually liberty. He dislikes writing letters, wearing his uniform, superior officers, the food, reveille, and Sunday nights. Nobody can write so seldom and think of you so much. Nobody gets so much fun from letters, civilian clothes, and home.

You can lock him out of your home, but not out of your heart. You can get him off your mailing list, but not off your mind. So you might as well give up. He's your long distance love.

But all your shattered dreams seem insignificant when he comes home with those magical words:

"Hey, how about LENDING me a few bucks?"

"I could study juice all day!"

P.D. Frost 3/A

"Is this your idea of a practical joke?"

R.I. 2-1
Salem —
N.E. 3-2
Brgtn. 2-1
Gorden 0-7
E. Naz 0-4
SMTI 0-3
NYMA 1-4

Take it easy, Sky!

Bob Ford gives them something to cheer about.

THE team!

Look out, Navski building

"Hey, Chief! Can you tell me if..."

The Blue Goose

Cadet Officers
1968

The Last Will and Testament

. . . of the Class of 1968. We, the above mentioned class, being of sound mind (?) and body, do hereby attest to the following . . .

Jake and Rmm leave their portable CO. system to Mouse . . . Joe Blunt leaves all the low steam lines to Pete Hardy . . . Hangenfat leaves his Metrecal diet to Davoli . . . Jeff Adler leaves his "Phantom" jacket to the Lark . . . Wynn and Chip leave the keys to the Log Office to Nasty . . . The Indian leaves his oversized handkerchiefs to Mr. Tonello . . . Ray Barnfaldi leaves an untasted can of Bud to Orentt . . . T-Bird leaves his demerits to Mallett . . . Terry leaves Pandora's box to the Long Island Jn . . . Dave Carriere leaves his nickname to Horseface . . . Steve leaves the Taylor shop to Woody . . . Wild Bill leaves his Fantail Liberty Pass to anyone uncozy enough to get caught . . . Fife leaves Small Paul insane . . . Jack Canty leaves all his cigars and their ashes to Bing . . . Rowbody leaves his algebra notes to Fahey . . . Art Levesque leaves his electric guitar to Vaz . . . Danny Cartmill leaves unpleasant memories to anyone who rates them . . . Turtle leaves the Grand Bahamian arm wrestling championship to Capt. Jack . . . Hayes leaves his bruises to the board of Trustees . . . Fred Judge leaves a church key to Fat Jack . . . Gibney leaves his blanket to Dave Jonnson . . . Deano leaves the keys to the band office to Rowbody . . . Skinny Vinny leaves in perpetual motion . . . The Muff leaves the job of barber shop bouncer to Stevie Wonder . . . Deals leaves his "box" to Tnias Burg . . . Lightning leaves his charming personality to Tom Baverle . . . Borneo leaves his wide awake attitude to Vale Ormsby . . . Ed Simmons leaves his stripes behind . . . Gar leaves the laundry and the youngie's sheets (still to be washed) to Ed Peach . . . Ford leaves his jockstrap to the Bmn . . . Rocky leaves his cool to Pat Crane . . . Bob O'Meara leaves his elevator safety shoes to Charlie Maynard . . . Sunbeam leaves a broken light bulb to Mr. Tonello . . . Mochi leaves certain officers to the Mafia . . . Kopeak leaves MacDonald an hour's head start . . . Jesus leaves one long stem American Beauty to the faculty . . . Ron Jn leaves the Lark's name and address to Eichman, his good friend, as a future prospect . . . Roach leaves one used lid to Toastmasters Anonymous . . . Sky leaves his good conduct record to Uncle John . . . Duke leaves his deep suntan to Mitch . . . Larry Keidel leaves "Hank Pal" to the next out-of-stater . . . Batman leaves a hand picked Rojo-Ojo blossom to the wardroom gang . . . Walterrific leaves his excess coolness to McGrath . . . Frappier leaves his old 'gation tests to Loose-Lief Ericson . . . J.J. leaves one sweaty armpit to Chiefie . . . Roffey leaves a copy of Fanny Hill to Father Mahoney . . . Bear leaves his pad to Horseface . . . Reed leaves four gears of rubber . . . Mello leaves the $8500 Shields to a $1.98 school . . . Steamboat leaves G.A. an unopened case of headpaper . . . Olderich leaves his watch and track shoes to Moir . . . Mario leaves his boots to anyone with the gall to wear them . . . Kinkey leaves his curls to Shirley . . . after four years, Fast Ed just leaves . . . Skip Gabriel leaves the northern weather in the North . . . mini Ginnie wills 20 pounds of grease to Catalogna . . . Wolf leaves Chigro 6 feet under . . . Chico leaves "fweezed" . . . Lenny leaves his '61 Chevy to anyone who can get it in running condition . . . Andy left.

"Ah'd run a mahl for a Parodi!"

The Champs - and the Losers!

Phi Re Kappa Phead - 1969

"If I keep practicing, maybe Bobr will teach me You are my Sonshine."

Bob Janes

Few Survive Sunken Freighter Off Alaska

JUNEAU, Alaska (AP) — Four ships converged today on an area about 870 miles southwest of Kodiak, Alaska, where 42 crewmen jumped overboard from a sinking freighter into the icy waters of the North Pacific, the Coast Guard reported.

The Coast Guard said one of the vessels which went to the rescue, the Igaharu Maru, radioed she had picked up "some bodies" and "two men were reported to be alive."

There was fear that others who jumped from the sinking Pan-Oceanic Faith into the sea could not survive the cold for long.

Master From Virginia

All 42 men aboard the freighter were reported to have jumped when the 459-foot vessel suddenly sank shortly before dark. The identities of the skipper and his men were not known here.

However, it was reported that two Cape Cod men were aboard. One was John R. McPhee of Cedar Cover Road, East Orleans. The other, an engineer, was believed to be John P. Dunphy of Bay Road, Eastham.

Others reported aboard by the ship's owners included Joseph P. Nowd of Brighton, Mass., the mate, and engineers Robert E. Janes of Danvers, Mass., and James Bechtold of East Weymouth, Mass.

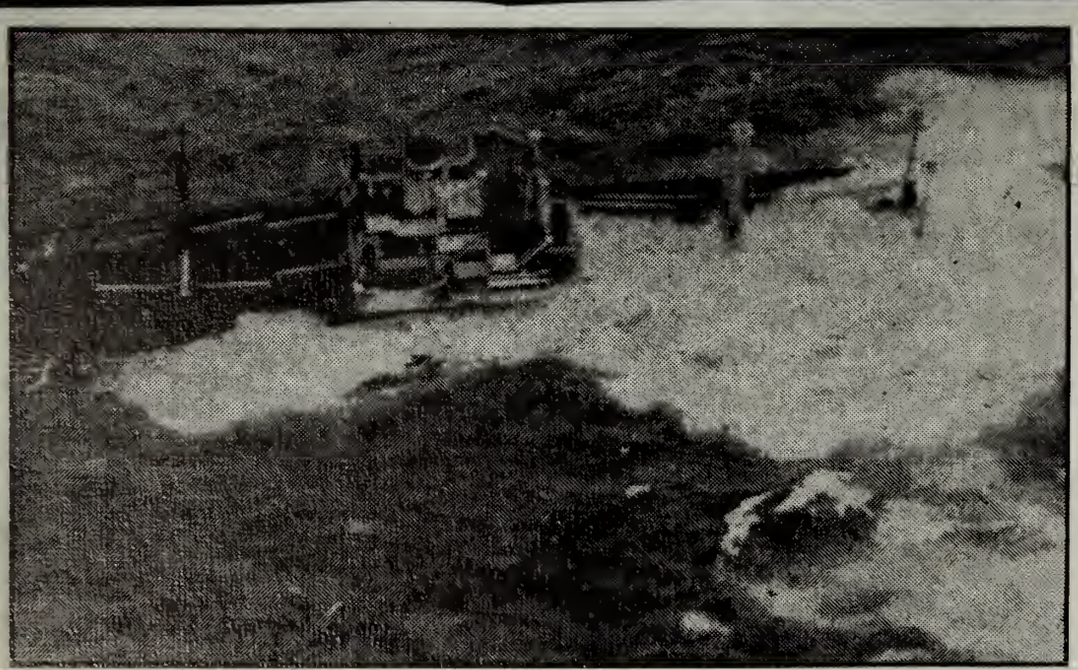
The master was listed as Capt. John F. Ogles of Alexandria, Va.

Navy, Coast Guard and other North Pacific seafarers estimated a person rarely survives more than an hour in the cold water without proper clothing. They said the cold saps the body temperature away within minutes.

No Time to Launch Boats

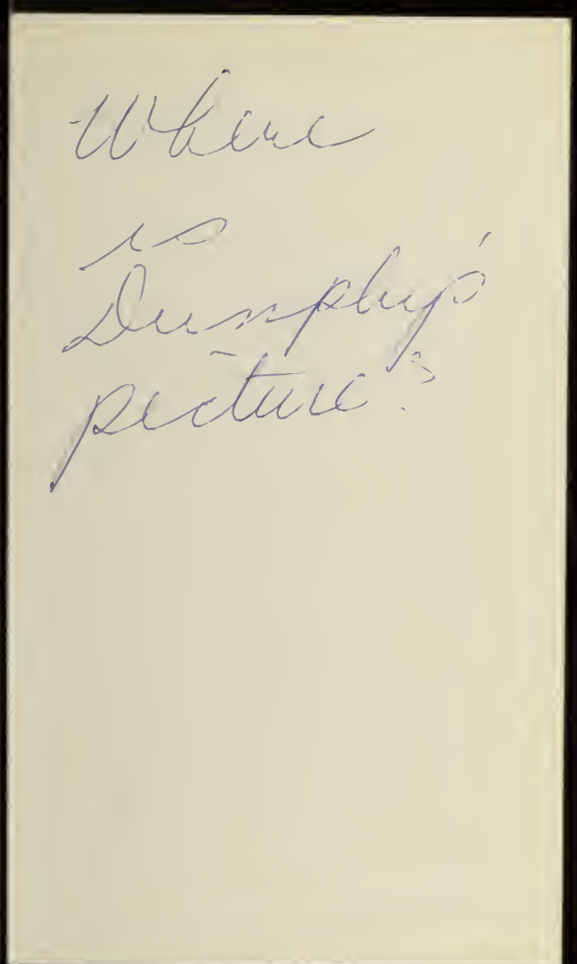
The Coast Guard said the sinking was so sudden the crewmen did not have time to launch the ship's two lifeboats or two life rafts.

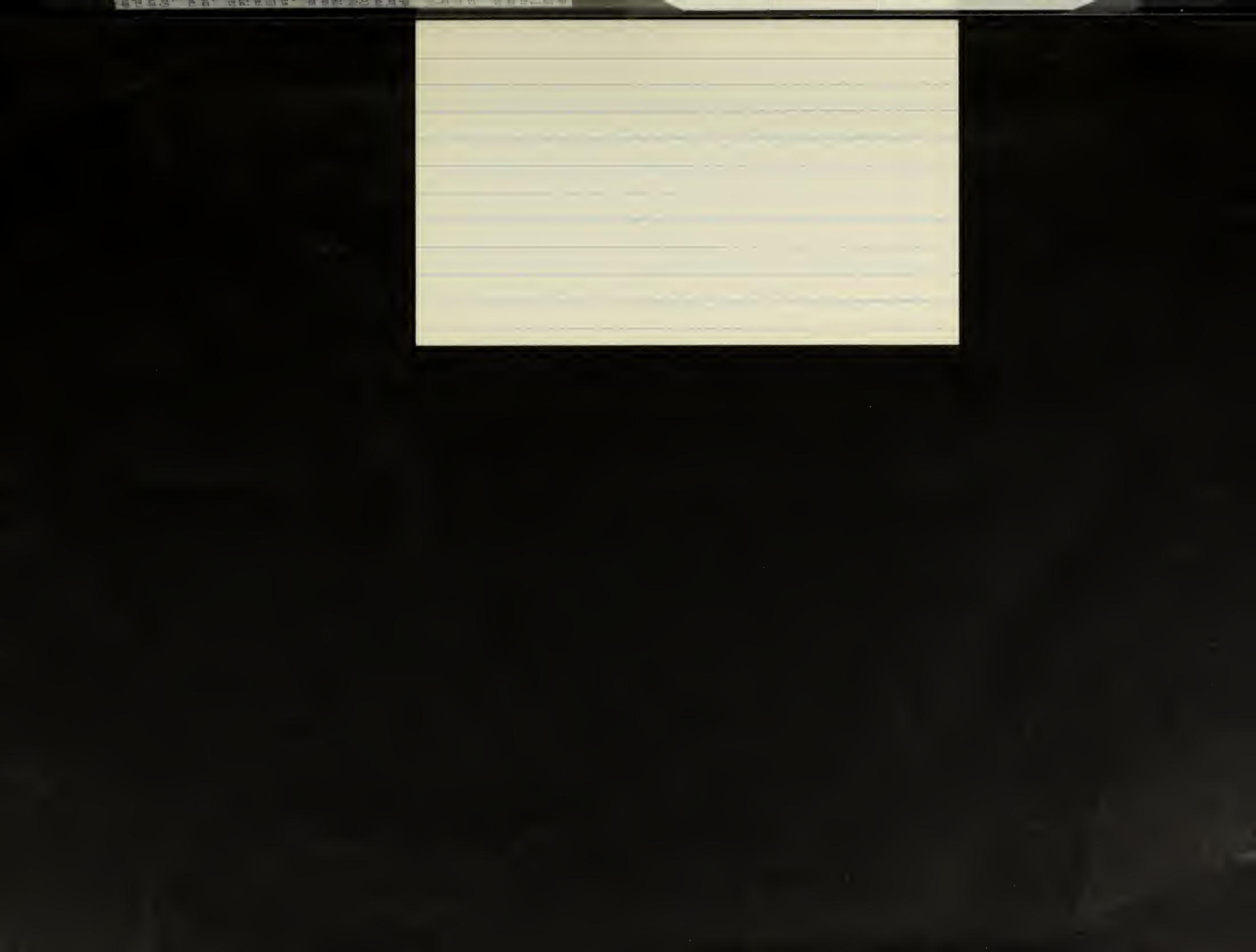
A Navy search plane from Adak, Alaska, and a C140 Military Air Command jet Starlifter



US Navy Photo Via UPI Telephoto

STORMY SEAS—Panoceanic Faith shown October 9 as it sinks southeast of Adak, Alaska.


Where
is
Dumplyn's
picture?



dropped seven small rubber life rafts to the crewmen bobbing around in life jackets, the Coast Guard said.

The pilot of the Navy plane radioed that he saw several men climb into the tiny craft.

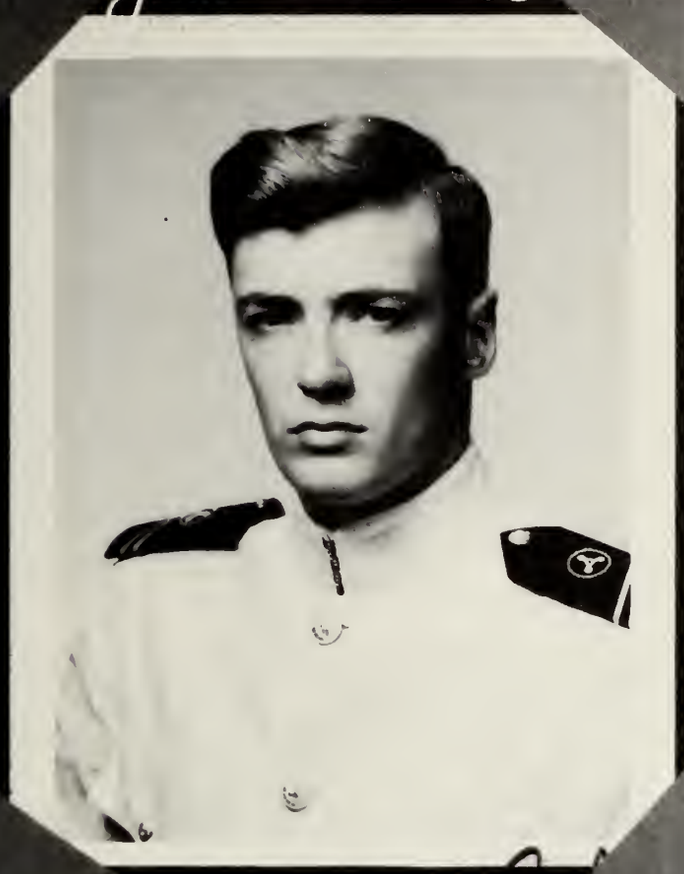
The Pan-Oceanic Faith first radioed a distress call at 2:55 PDT, saying 20-foot waves were sweeping over her decks and filling No. 1 and No. 2 holds with water.

The message also said the ship's engines were failing, and she was in danger of sinking. The 23-year-old vessel, owned by the Pan-Oceanic Tanker Corp. of New York City, was en route from San Francisco to Yokohama, Japan, with 10,200 tons of fertilizer.

Coast Guard district headquarters said radio reports from the scene were infrequent, and radio contact was difficult because of the storm.

From Moscow, the Soviet news agency Tass reported that the Soviet ship Orekhovo was sailing at full speed to the area. Tass said the Orekhovo was 200 miles from the American ship when it heard an SOS.

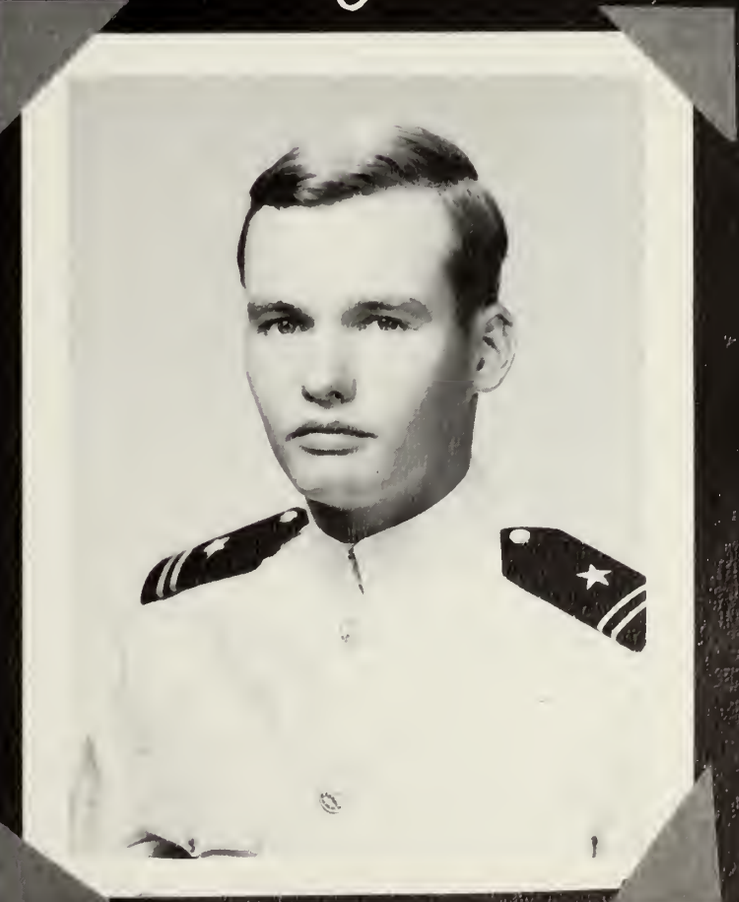
Jim Bechtold



—Associated Press Wirephoto

Cross locates where freighter was reported to have sunk.

Jack McPhee



Joe Nowd

"Jesus" Murphy and the Burnly Four sing "Caugh it up, Baby!"

BAMFLW Rat

Bob, T-Bird, and J.J.

"Wait 'til you see the picture in Pinnacle!"

No Comment.

The Cross-Country Team

Naval Science

The Pine Tunnel
1968 A.D.

"Oy-Oy!"

Next year...

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Claymont, Del

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Terence D. McNamara
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Joseph C. Mello
Morse St.
Edgartown, Mass.

Joseph V. Mochi
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Steven J. Mulak
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Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Joseph S. Murphy
235 Beach St. Rear
Roslindale, Mass.

Leonard P. Murphy
336 Cabot St.
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Lorin C. Oldrich
2 South Prospect St.
Nantucket Island, Mass.

Robert D. O'Meara
29 Stage Coach Rd.
Topsfield, Mass.

William J. P. Penswick
7 Rutledge Rd.
Natick, Mass.

Robert D. Reed
723 Pleasant St.
Brockton, Mass.

William W. Reuell
617 Essex St.
Beverly, Mass.

Edward E. Roach III
8 Lothrop Ave.
Milton, Mass.

William T. Roffey
26 Playstead Rd.
Newton, Mass.

Anthony Scarlata
50 Oak St.
Deham, Mass.

John H. Shea, Jr.
24 Oak St.
Beverly, Mass.

Edward B. Simmons
54 Wayne Ave.
Waltham, Mass.

Glenn T. Sizemore
Main St.
North Harwich, Mass.

Walter A. Suslak
21 Lakeview Ave.
Lynn, Mass.

Edward A. Tonello
26 Stevens St.
Winchester, Mass.

Paul D. Winskowitz
9 Florence St.
Danvers, Mass.

It is customary to place the "ad" section of a yearbook at the very end of the publication. Although we are slaves to this custom, we wish to express our conviction that this position in no way reflects our sincere appreciation to those who made this book possible through their generous support.

From the smallest contribution in the patrons section, to the full page ads, each has given what he could, and in the agregate, this generosity has made the 1968 MUSTER possible.

Our sincere thanks to one and all.

We would also like to apologize to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert W. Colpus, and Mr. and Mrs. Russell McPhee who generously supported the 1967 MUSTER, but whose names through some oversight, were not included in the list of Patrons last year.

1968 Patrons

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar T. Adler

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas C. Barr

Mr. and Mrs. Warren P. Barron

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Carter

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Clarkson

Mr. and Mrs. Leo M. Clifford

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Mr. and Mrs. Alfred A. Coleman

Mr. and Mrs. Harold G. Danner

Mr. W. H. Doherty '67

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A. Ciccarelli & Son

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Liso's Barber Shop

Tom McDonough

Rocke's Village Store

Mr. and Mrs. F. X. McNamara

Congratulations
Class of 1968
Mr. and Mrs. David J.
Carriere

Compliments
of
Mr. and Mrs. Harry W.
Kenyon

Best of Luck to the
Class of 1968
from
Mr. and Mrs. William J.
Lonergan

Compliments
of
Mr. William J. McDonald-

Best Wishes
Mr. and Mrs. C. Newell
Moore

Nantucket Congratulates
the Class of 1968
Mr. and Mrs. Edward A.
Olderich Jr.

Mr. and Mrs.
Philip Ahlin

Mr. and Mrs.
Norman J. Cartmill

Mr. and Mrs.
Bernard C. Collins Jr.

Mr. and Mrs.
Frederick E. Dayton

Congratulations Class of
1968

Capt. and Mrs. E. P.
Gabriel

Floyd E. Gray '38
and Family

Mr. and Mrs.
Robert E. Janes

Mr. and Mrs.
Philip M. Johnson

Compliments of
Mr. and Mrs.
Joseph M. Karandy

Mr. and Mrs.
T. Curtis King

Best Wishes to the Class
of 1968 from
Mr. and Mrs.
Thurston F. Koopman

Mr. and Mrs.
Robert O. MacGregor

Mr. and Mrs.
Ronald J. MacIntyre

Mr. and Mrs.
Baron P. Mayer

Mr. and Mrs.
William T. McDevitt

Mr. and Mrs.
Joseph C. Mello

Compliments of
Mr. and Mrs.
Albert F. Mochi

Compliments of
Mr. and Mrs.
V. N. Mochi

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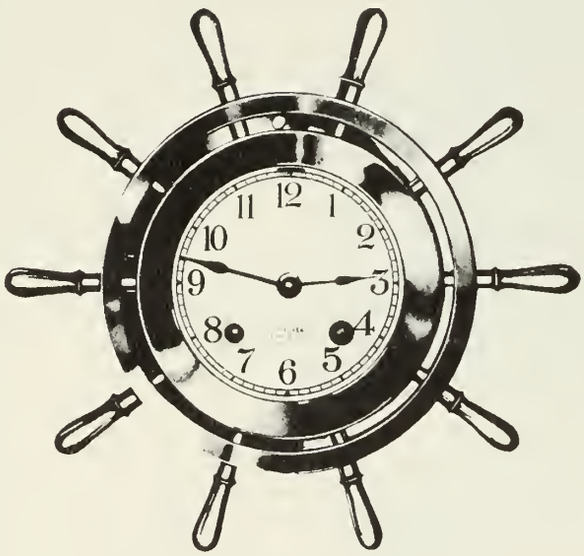

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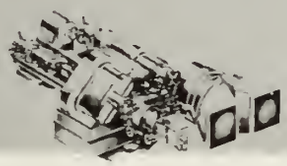

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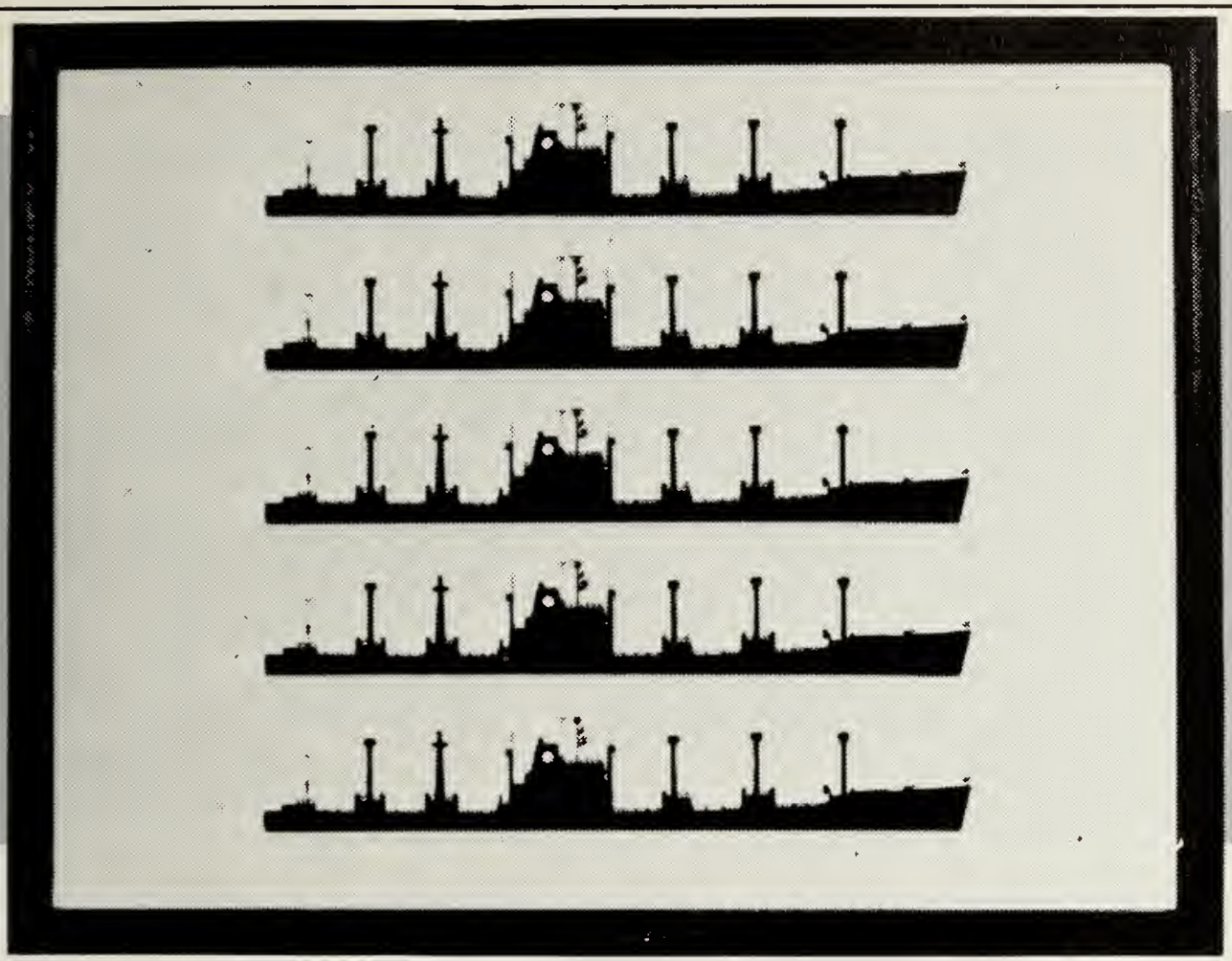

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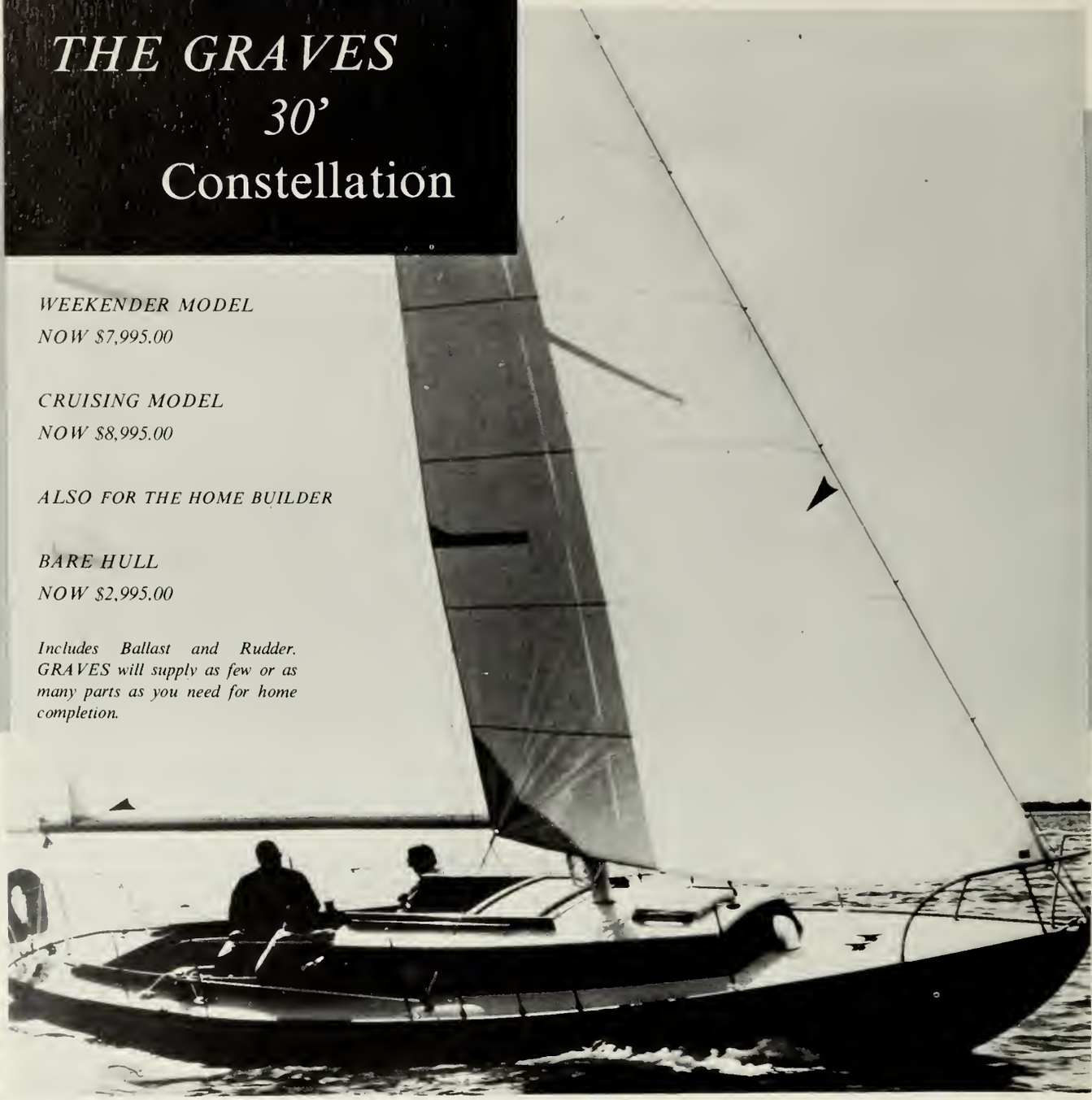

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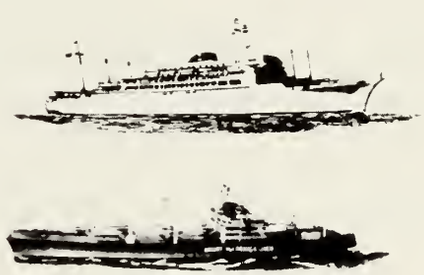

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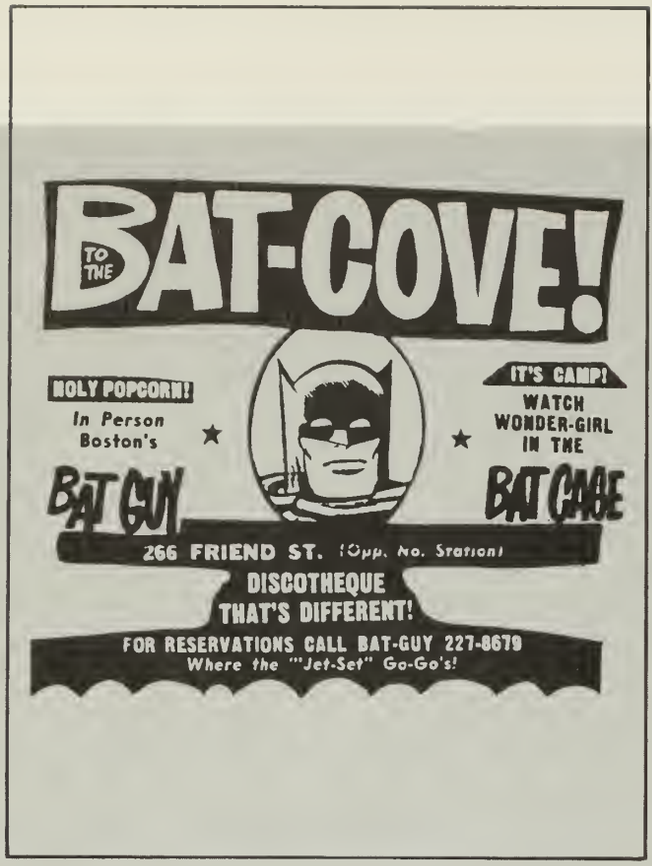

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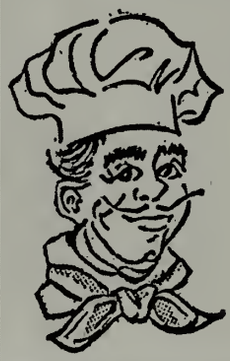

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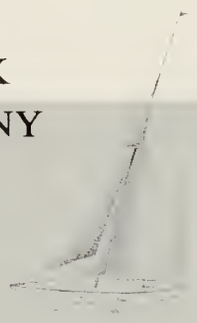

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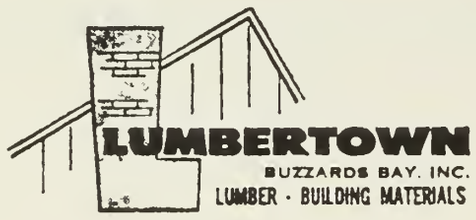

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THE BELL

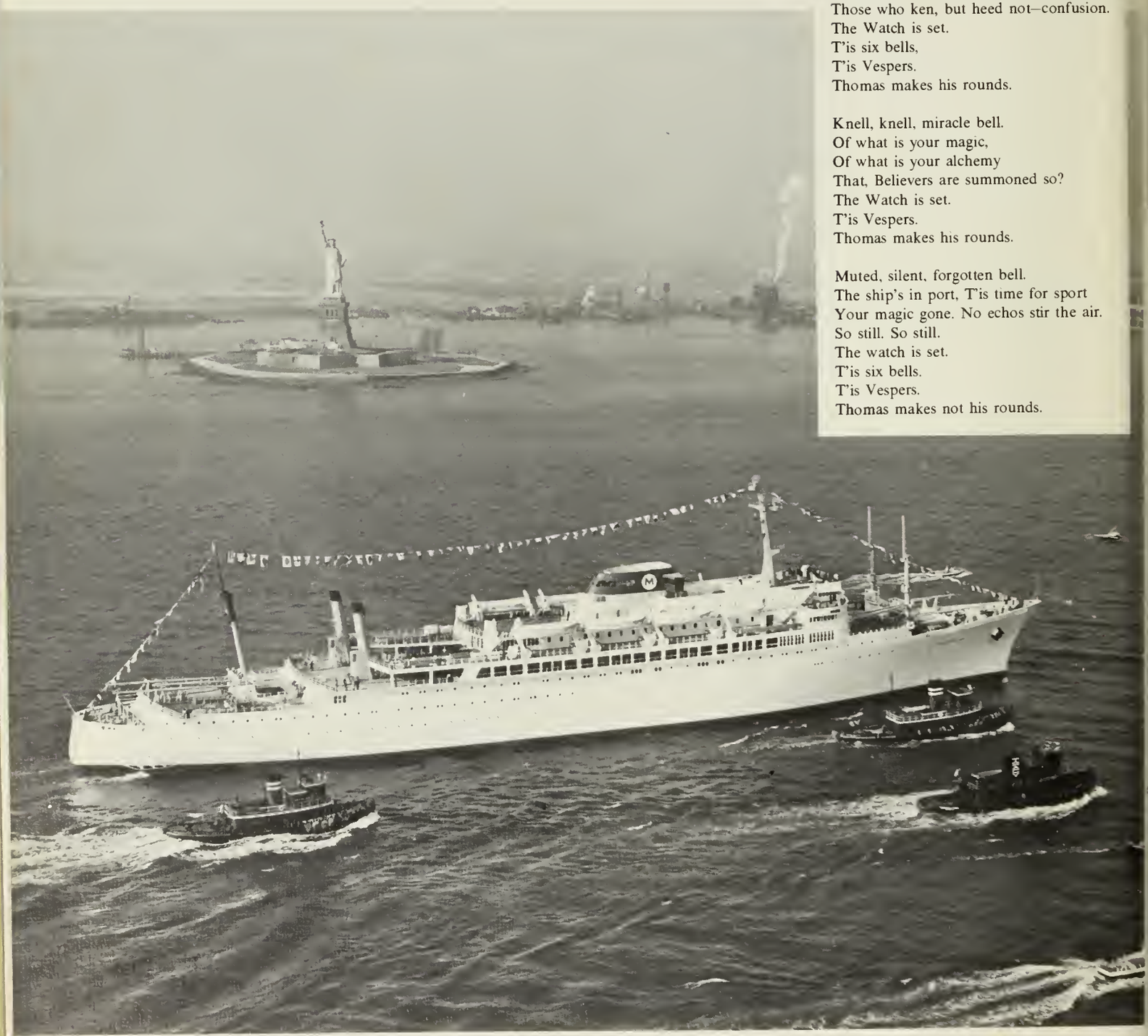
THE BELL

Knell, knell, little bell,
Summon the Sinners.
Those who have sinned,
Those who shall sin,
Those who unto themselves are Sins,
The Watch is set,
T'is six bells,
T'is Vespers.
Thomas makes his rounds.

Knell, Knell, silver bell.
Those who heed find solace.
Those who ken not your tones—cacophony.
Those who ken, but heed not—confusion.
The Watch is set.
T'is six bells,
T'is Vespers.
Thomas makes his rounds.

Knell, knell, miracle bell.
Of what is your magic,
Of what is your alchemy
That, Believers are summoned so?
The Watch is set.
T'is Vespers.
Thomas makes his rounds.

Muted, silent, forgotten bell.
The ship's in port, T'is time for sport
Your magic gone. No echos stir the air.
So still. So still.
The watch is set.
T'is six bells.
T'is Vespers.
Thomas makes not his rounds.



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